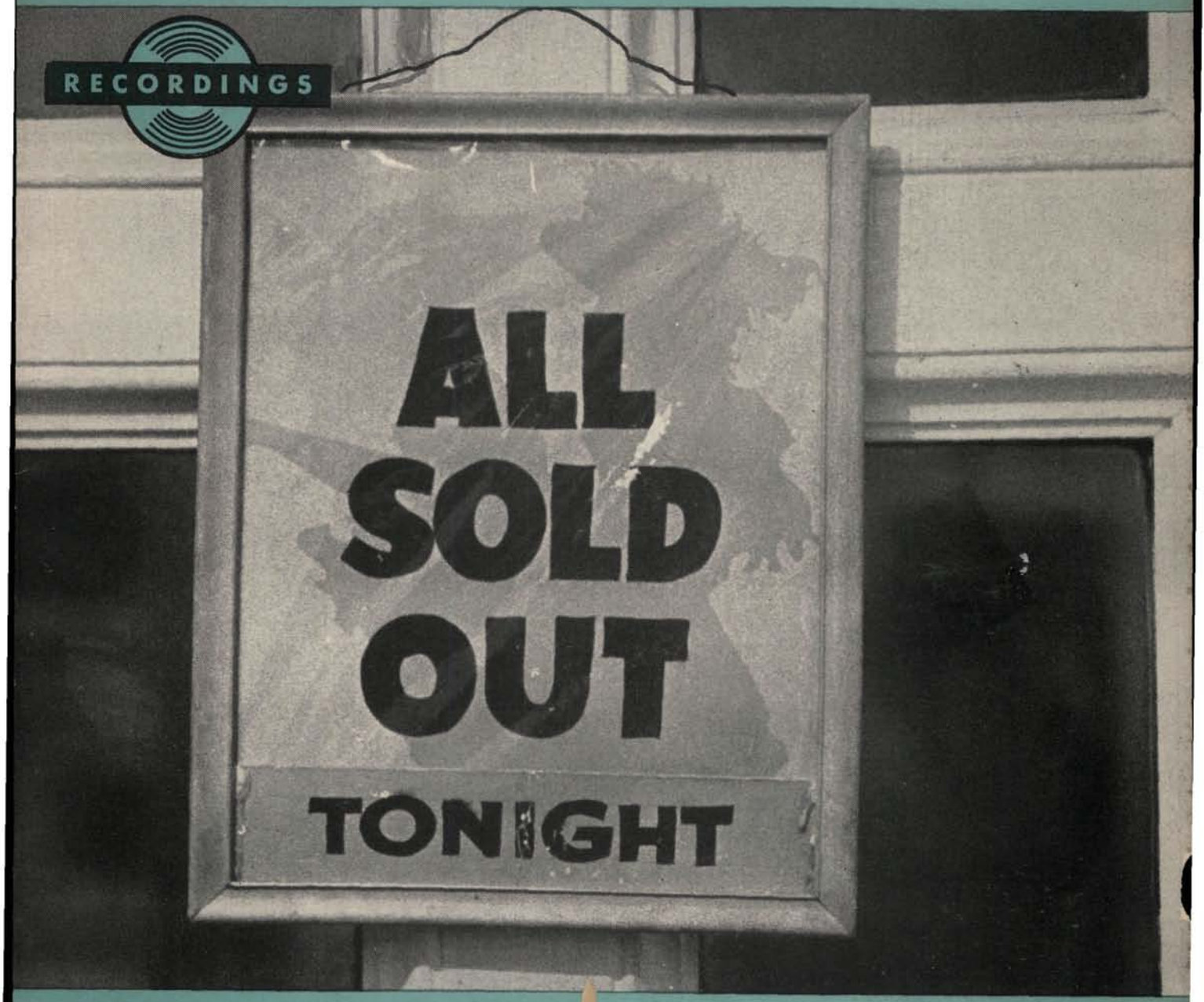
Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 23, 1957 / 20¢



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BY ARNOLD MAREMONT

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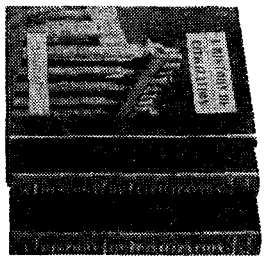

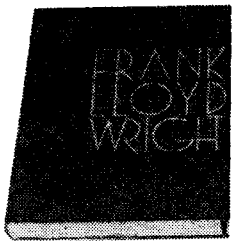

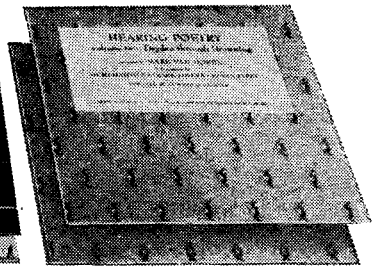

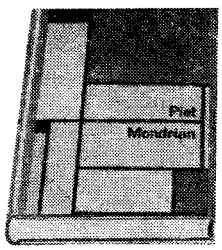

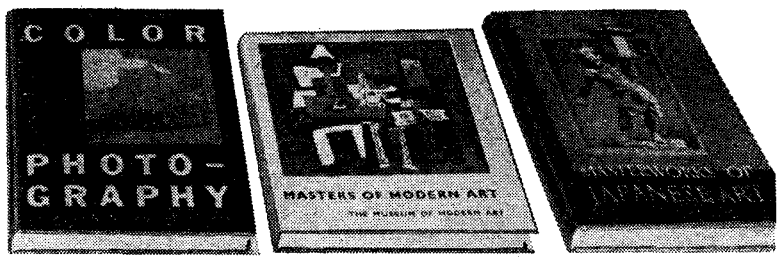

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By now you must be aware that I am more than mildly enthusiastic about the Mainstream of America series. It is pleasant to report that the reviewers and readers of the country have echoed my enthusiasm in their reception of the two most recent books: Irving Stone's "Men to Match My Mountains" and Bruce Catton's "This Hallowed Ground."

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The highest tribute one can pay this book is to say that it comes up to the standards set by the earlier Mainstream volumes.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Men Who Made The Nation: The Architects of the Young Republic, 1782-1802" ($5.95), by John Dos Passos, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Like other books in The Mainstream of America series, it may be obtained from your bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at Bishops Corner, West Hartford, Conn.

The Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 23, 1957

Cover Photograph by Fred Plaut

SR/IDEAS

11 Why Men Become Angels. by Arnold Maremont

15 ASCAP vs. BMI, by Oscar Hammerstein II

24 *Tu* or *Vous?* An Editorial

SR/BOOKS

16 The Scapegoat, by Daphne Du Maurier
Reviewed by Edmund Fuller

17 The Rapids, by Basil Davidson
Reviewed by Nicholas Monsarrat

18 The Innocent, by Madison Jones
Reviewed by John Cook Wyllie

19 To See the Dream, by Jessamyn West
Reviewed by Helen Beal Woodward

20 The Walls Came Tumbling Down, by Henriette Roosenburg
Reviewed by Raymond Holden

21 The Life of Wilkie Collins, by Nuell Pharr Davis
Reviewed by Richard D. Altick

22 The Road to Realism, by Edwin H. Cady
Reviewed by Maxwell Geismar

23 De Lesseps of Suez. by Charles Beatty
Reviewed by Leo Gershoy

30 Piet Mondrian, by Michel Seuphor
Reviewed by Harry Holtzman

31 Architectural Beauty in Japan, by Kokusai Bunka Shinkokai
Reviewed by Martin James

32 Memoirs of Michael Karolyi, translated by Catherine Karolyi
Reviewed by Emil Lengyel

SR/DEPARTMENTS

8 Trade Winds

25 Letters to the Editor

26 TV and Radio

26 Literary I.Q.

27 *SR* Goes to the Movies

28 Music to My Ears

29 Broadway Postscript

35 Literary Crypt

41 *SR* Recordings for March

67 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1196

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The man who reads dictionaries

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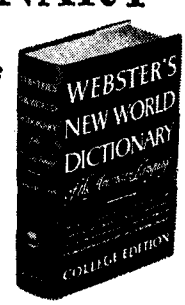

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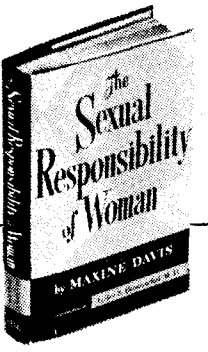
By MAXINE DAVIS



WHEN MAXINE DAVIS wrote this book, she set out to accomplish what no "marriage manual" had ever done before: to awaken women—whether long married, newlyweds, or brides-to-be—to the fact that the credit or blame for sexual gratification is *not* the husband's alone; to reveal to women the obligations which they must fulfill for joyous, uninhibited married love; and to show women exactly how best to encourage and satisfy their mates to achieve the conjugal contentment so necessary for a happy marriage. The following statements—selected from many by prominent medical authorities — testify that the author more than accomplished her goals. *Your* doctor will agree.

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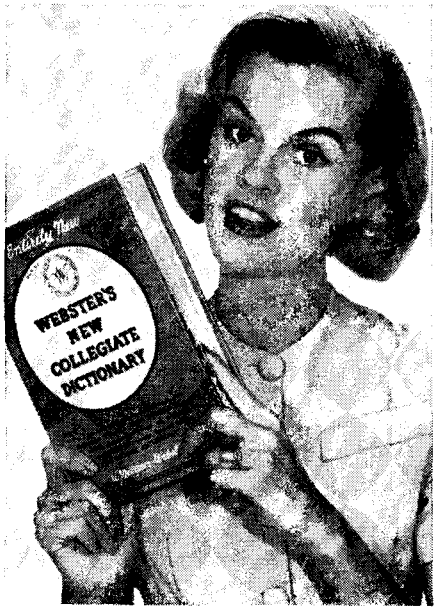

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TRADE Winds

GEORGE STEVENS, once editor of *The Saturday Review,* and now one of the fairest-headed boys at the publishing house of Lippincott, has felt a sudden urge to return briefly to his old stamping grounds, and I'd be the last man to say him nay. His column, inspired perchance by a turn through the Lippincott library, is called

Men of Letters

From beginning to end
Of "Our Mutual Friend"
By Charles Dickens,
The plot thickens.

In "Tristram Shandy," by Laurence Sterne,
It's quite impossible to discern
Any token, clue, or sign
That Sterne was a well-known divine.
(Speaking, by the way, of Laurence Sterne, he
Also wrote "A Sentimental Journey.")

I grew so bored with Fenimore Cooper,
I decided not to read any more Cooper.

Puritans have spent their fire on
George Gordon, Baron Byron,
While finding very little menace, on
The whole, in Alfred, Baron Tennyson.

The bittersweet flavor of Thackeray
Has an effect like a daiquiri.

A poet who was also versed in law, surPrisingly enough, was Geoffrey Chaucer.

Cryptic, quizzical,
Metaphysical;
Many in one:
John Donne.

Whereas Robert Herrick,
Who wrote of Julia,
Was less esoteric
And peculiar.

The human race gets very short shrift
In "Gulliver's Travels," by Jonathan Swift.

Boswell
Was well
Connected.
He collected
Celebrities,
And went to the Hebrides
With Samuel Johnson.
Then, for all and once, on
The great lexicographer
Settled his biographer.

Elizabethan playgoers were seldom bored
By the plays of Webster, Chapman, and Ford.
Men like these and their fellow dramatists
Were all riproaring melodramatists.

Breathes there the man who fails to take spirItual sustenance from William Shakespeare?

Beaumont and Fletcher! Beaumont and Fletcher!
One to carry and one to fetch. A
Pair whose plays were up to the moment:
Fletcher and Beaumont! Fletcher and Beaumont!

O rare Ben Jonson, without an "h," your
Works are of an astringent nature.

I consider myself to no man yielding
In admiration of Henry Fielding.
He thought the most repulsive mammal aRound was Samuel Richardson's "Pamela."

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day"—
So, many years ago, wrote Thomas Gray,
Of people lying underneath the turf. You
Seldom nowadays hear bells ring curfew.

Offered steak,
William Blake

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Might partake.
But if it was a little lamb,
He would say, "No, thank you,
ma'am."

On the twenty-fifth reading you
still get lost in
"Pride and Prejudice," by Jane
Austen.

Sir Walter Scott, Bart.—
Now *there* was a hot bart.
Hurrah for Sir Walter,
His pen did not falter.
He wrote "Ivanhoe,"
Our hearts to enliven. Ho-
Sannah for Scott,
He wrote such a lot.

Hazlitt chose
To write in prose,
And go easy
On poesy.

William Wordsworth, in his youth,
Sowed a wild oat—that's the truth.
A primrose by a river's brim,
It meant the primrose path to him.
But cooled the blood, the brow
grew hoary at
Last. And so, sing low, sweet
Laureate.

When Shelley dreamed a Shelley
vision,
He'd never heard of television—
Much of which would harrow
Keats
Worse than screaming parakeets.

When the Society
For Purity and Piety
Looked for impropriety
In the works of Longfellow,
They picked the wrong fellow.

"Thanatopsis," by William Cullen
Bryant,
Commemorates the undertaker's
client.

The poems of Meredith
Seldom were very dith-
Yrambic,
Whether dactylic or iambic.

Abou Ben Adhem's name
Achieved undying fame,
Likewise putting Leigh Hunt
Well up in front.

I never shall know
How to tell (in all candor)

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A novel by CHARLES MUNOZ
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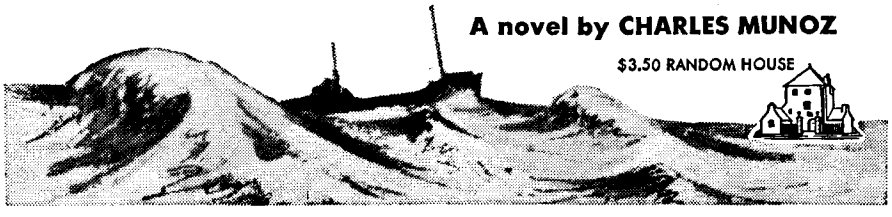

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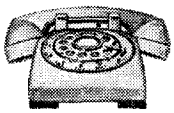
The Trust You Have Placed in Us

FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, President
American Telephone and Telegraph Company



"The telephone business is built on the idea of Service.... And the principles that guide our work affect the lives of many people. We are printing them here because they seem important to everyone who uses the telephone, everyone who works for the business, and everyone who has invested in it."

We in the telephone business are servants of the public. The services we perform are necessary to the people of the United States. They are necessary to the building of our nation and to our national security. Clearly, we occupy a position of great public trust.

We are also trustees for the savings of every individual who has put money in the business. It is our responsibility that the business shall prosper.

We think it all-important therefore that we furnish the best telephone service it is in our power to provide—a service high in value and steadily improving—at a cost to the user that will always be as low as possible and at the same time keep the business in good financial health.

The success of the business depends on the people in it. To serve well and prosper, Bell Telephone Companies must attract and keep capable employees. They must be well paid and have opportunity to advance in accordance with ability. And we must continually develop first-rate leaders for the future.

Finally, it seems to us that it is always our duty to act for the long run. Sound financing, good earnings, reasonable and regular dividends—these are all long-term projects. So is our continual research to find better means for giving better service. So is the building of the human organization and character on which good service depends. So is the training of leaders. In all our undertakings, the long view is essential.

This is the way we understand the trust you have placed in us. It is a trust that deserves, and will continue to receive, the most painstaking care we can give it.

Working together to bring people together
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Arthur Hugh Clough
From Walter Savage Landor.
With the smooth take the rough,
It's sauce for the gander,
Wrote Arthur Hugh Clough
(Or Walter Savage Landor).
Which one made a row
When he got up his dander—
Arthur Hugh Clough
Or Walter Savage Landor?
I hope they won't sue
Me for libel or slander—
Arthur Hugh Clough
And Walter Savage Landor.

None who eschewed the vulgar
and the carnal did
So more splendidly than Matthew
Arnold did.

A rhyme for Southey? I'll tell you
what—
Consult the maxims of Doctor
Watt.
"Birds in their little nests agree";
"How doth the little busy bee?"
Well, Southey,
How doth he?

No Cabot wrote so well
As James Russell Lowell.

The works of William Dean
Howells
Consist of consonants and vowels.

Not each who exclaims
Over Henry James
Has read the same's
"Romans et drames."

What was Emerson called? Oh,
They called him Ralph Waldo.

The author of "The Ring and the
Book"
Had a cheerful, healthy look.
Indeed Robert Browning
Was never seen frowning.

O, William Ernest Henley was the
captain of his soul
(Life is real, life is earnest, and
the grave is not its goal):
William Ernest Henley was the
master of his fate
(They also serve, John Milton
wrote, who only stand and
wait).
Out of the night that covered him,
he dug the nightshade up,
And swallowed to the bitter dregs
the bitter Henley cup.

Thank you, George Stevens! There is barely room left for me to add the story of another man of letters, very talented but very improvident, who bore down upon a hapless publisher at a literary tea, and, in hearing of numerous bystanders, declared, "I'm in a dreadful jam. I need cash immediately. Can you lend me a hundred and fifty dollars here and now?"

The publisher, looking pained indeed, replied, "You couldn't have tackled me at a more inopportune moment, old man. It just happens that I've got it." —BENNETT CERF.

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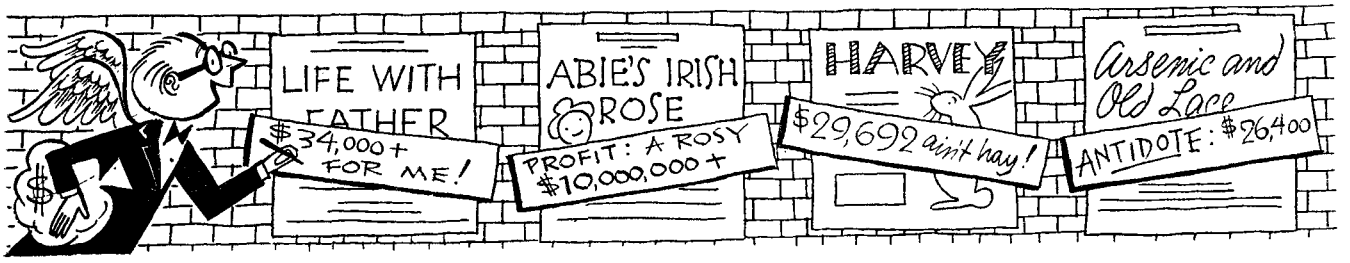
The Saturday Review
FEBRUARY 23, 1957



WHY MEN BECOME ANGELS

Investment in the Theatre: Business or Philanthropy?

By ARNOLD MAREMONT, *lawyer and industrialist who has been one of Broadway's most consistent angels.*

I AM an angel.

From time to time I have heard less happy terms applied to me and to other people who back plays, who put up the risk cash for theatrical productions. I have been variously called a shill, a pigeon, a soft touch, a pushover, a glory chaser, and, of course, a sucker. Naturally I prefer the more exalted and politer word "angel," though I have never been able to find out where and how the term originated. Perhaps it is because the very presence of investors in the dramatic otherworld is regarded as a heavenly manifestation.

In any event, I am one of a relatively small group sometimes scorned but always sought after.

Why do I do it? Why do I and others like me put up varying sums of money to help get plays produced, primarily on Broadway?

I attained my angelhood seven years ago. Since then I have invested in many plays, a small fraction of them financial hits. I also have thought long and hard about reasons and motives for putting money into theatrical productions. I have carried on my own personal surveys—informal and haphazard, to be sure, but productive of some interesting conclusions. Then, last year, I retained Chicago's Edward H. Weiss and Company, an advertising agency engaged in what is known as "motivational research," to probe, with interviews-in-depth and analysis by experienced social psychologists, the How and the Who and—of utmost significance to an idea of mine about how angels can become a real asset to the American theatre—the Why of angeling.

THE interviewees in this depth study numbered only eighteen. But they constituted a group chosen with scientific care to represent the larger band of show-business seraphs. Precisely this technique is used by television rating services where some 900 television sets throughout the United States are accepted as a satisfactory pattern of the viewing habits of 40,000,000. This sampling may seem small to skeptics, but the data gained provide striking insight into the general nature of investors and investments and unanimity on various points makes it extremely likely that the sample correctly discloses the views of the overwhelming majority of angels. Those interviewed belonged to no particular group of society. As diverse a lot as one can find, they had no significant similarities in age, sex or previous condition of servitude to the theatre. Thirteen were men, five were women. Five of the eighteen were under forty, seven between forty and fifty, four over fifty; two preferred to give their ages only as "over twenty-one." Seven were businessmen, as I am. Only three were directly connected with the entertainment world. Five were in the professions, ranging from social worker to interior decorator to physician. Six of the eighteen displayed an intense interest in literature, art, music, and allied arts; eight had a moderate interest; four had a mild interest, if any at all. All but four were ardent theatregoers. All vowed they preferred "good plays" to "bad plays."

Five had started investing through personal contact with theatrical people: the owner of a restaurant patronized by show folk, the wife of an entertainment executive, a broker whose clients included producers, directors, and actors, the secretary for a theatrical organization, an interior decorator who had done work for stage people. The others had become angels through friends or relatives already immersed in investment waters.

Their reasons for picking specific plays into which to put their money (if such investments were available) were diverse: producer's reputation for quality productions or financial rectitude, stature of the playwright, makeup of the cast, the play's social importance. One man would shell out only if the play had a "big star"; another cared nothing about who was in the play, but only what message it carried. "Some managements bring excitement, like Logan or Hayward or Rodgers-Hammerstein," said a

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How Investors Fared in a Single Season [1954-55]

Play	No. Broadway Performances	Original Cost	Broadway Profit	or Loss	Gain from Movie Sale	If Angel Had Invested $1,000: His Profit	His Loss
Bus Stop	478	$41,500	$350,000	None	$75,000+Royalties	$4,578+	None
Champagne Complex	23	60,000	None	$59,000	None	None	$983
Damn Yankees*	496	200,000	142,000	None	750,000+Percentage	1,105+	None
Dear Charles	157	48,664	None	42,123	None	None	866
Inherit the Wind*	482	92,000	245,000	None	200,000+Percentage of Gross	1,766+	None
Mrs. Patterson	102	75,000	None	37,500	None	None	500
Once Upon a Tailor	8	75,000	None	75,000	None	None	1,000
One Eye Closed	3	Unknown	None	Probably Complete	None	None	1,000
Peter Pan	152	125,000	None	85,000	Broke Even by TV Sale	None	None
Seventh Heaven	6	200,000	None	200,000	None	None	1,000
The Boy Friend	488	125,000	266,000	None	Probably Will Sell	1,064+	None
The Living Room	22	50,000	None	40,000	None	None	800
The Saint of Bleecker Street	92	[75,000]	None	Probably Half	None	None	500
The Southwest Corner	36	[75,000]	None	75,000	None	None	1,000
Three for Tonight	63	30,000	25,000	None	None	417	None
Tonight in Samarkand	29	70,000	None	50,000	None	None	714
Witness for the Prosecution	648	75,000	200,000	None	435,000	2,493	None

The Ten Top Broadway Runners of All Time

Play	No. Broadway Performances	Original Cost	Broadway Profit	Gain from Movie Sale	If Angel Had Invested $1,000: His Profit
Life with Father	3,224	$25,000	$1,500,000+	$500,000+50% of Profits	$34,000+
Tobacco Road	3,182	6,000	2,500,000+	150,000+	213,333+
Abie's Irish Rose	2,327	2,500	10,000,000+	350,000+50% of Profits	2,028,000+
Oklahoma!	2,248	[200,000]	5,000,000	[6,666,667]	19,166
South Pacific	1,925	225,000	[5,000,000]	Indefinite	11,111+Movie Sale
Harvey	1,775	30,000	1,481,505	750,000	29,692
Born Yesterday	1,642	39,000	1,000,000	1,000,000	17,949
The Voice of the Turtle	1,557	20,000	1,400,000	850,000	42,000
Arsenic and Old Lace	1,444	25,000	1,250,000+	175,000+15% of Gross	26,400
Hellzapoppin	1,404	[125,000]	[1,666,667+]	200,000	6,984

$1,000 STORY: These calculations show how an angel with $1,000 would presumably have fared by investing in a representative play of the 1954-55 Broadway season (top chart) or in any of the ten longest-running shows in Gotham's history (bottom chart). (Conceivably, one G placed on "Abie's Irish Rose" would have pyramided to $2,028,000.) All figures in left-hand columns of charts were provided by offices of Broadway producers or press agents. Numbers in brackets indicate informed guesses. Individual profit figures in right-hand columns have been computed by using the common Broadway formula whereby producers and writers get biggest cut, angels proportional slices of half the Broadway profits, ditto of one-fifth the movie gains. Plus-signs indicate unknown proceeds from royalties on movie sales. Road-show figures are unobtainable, but would add to profits in many cases. Plays in top chart marked with asterisk were still running when last tallies were available—July 1, 1956. Therefore they would pay off more richly than is apparent on the chart. Theoretically, an average angel placing bets on every play of the 1954 season would have won. Actually he probably would not, since the biggest hits are not always open to random investors.

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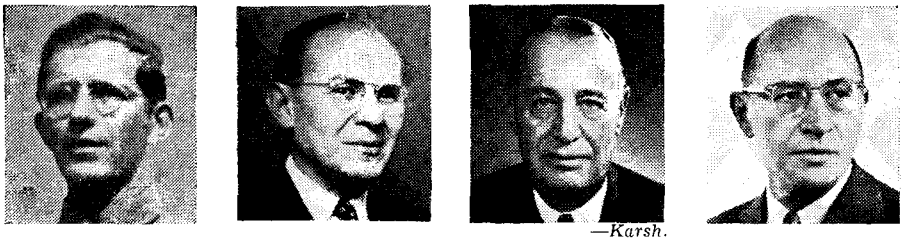
lawyer. A broker: "I must be satisfied with the operating budgets before I invest." A television producer: "It's the whole setup that counts with me. If I like the producer, playwright, or organization producing the play I will make the investment." A wealthy Manhattan matron: "I rather like a play that says something—a play that says something very subtly." Only one of the eighteen, incidentally, stated positively that he would never put money into a play with a political or religious theme: "I feel strongly against investing in them because such subjects divide the audiences—and don't get audiences."

Naturally, angels would enjoy nice returns on their investments. But, as I learned and as was confirmed strongly in the Edward Weiss study, being a theatrical angel is certainly one of the least satisfactory ways of using money to get more money.

NOW I know all the facts and figures—and all the myths and legends—about those phenomenal grossers on Broadway. I know all about Anne Nichols and how, as producer and writer and sole backer with only $2,500 of her comedy, "Abie's Irish Rose," she made $10,000,000 in the 1920s. I know about productions that brought massive returns for their angels, such productions as "Oklahoma" and "South Pacific," both in the $5,000,000 class; anyone, incidentally, who invested the same amount Miss Nichols put into her play would have walked away with the comparatively minor sum of $50,000, or less. I have examined ledgers of hit shows and records of flops and prepared the two charts that accompany this article. Study them for awhile. One, historically interesting, is the list of the so-called Big Ten, the shows considered the all-time long-run hits of the American theatre. The other, important to the ideas in this article, is a list of plays in an entire, typical Broadway season. Scan this second chart even casually and you swiftly see that the chances *against* an angel's making real profits if he invests in a few plays each season are awfully slim. About six to one.

Most of the Weiss interviewees were aware of this. They liken their experience in the theatre not to an investment in, say, an oil well, but to the kind of gambling they might do in a poker game or a horse race. "There's not much difference," said one woman, "except that you lose slower on a play and the agony is more prolonged." And another: "I would say that investing in the theatre is gambling that has legitimate aspects." And another: "The money invested in the theatre should be money that you are prepared never to see again." Among the businessmen in this company of angels the investments are almost always considered "diversions." Said one: "You wouldn't consider an investment that was a gamble, would you? What does a man expect out of a horse race? Good returns—well, fine. No half way in it. If it's good, it's fine. If no good, you lose everything. As a diversion, yes—the way you gamble. Investments, on the other hand, are sound—you rely on them and expect something."



—Karsh.

Angels Aaron Goldblatt, J. S. Seidman, Howard S. Cullman, and Meyer Davis.

As in other forms of gambling, these angels do not tend to bet on the basis of what they hope to win—despite their natural desire that they will win—but on the basis of what they can afford to lose. They hope for the thrill of betting on the right play, as on a right horse. There is a chance for a killing—or a chance to lose everything that has been put up.

But why, asked the Weiss researchers, bet on the theatre? If the chances are really so demonstrably poor for making a killing (or even getting back the amount of an original investment), why do these angels keep putting their money into plays? If the profit motive actually is not paramount, what is?

The deeper answer: Identification.

In interview after interview, this word popped up. Angels appear to derive strong psychological satisfaction from their connection, however tenuous, with the theatre. Their interest in what they consider the "glamorous world" of the theatre is real and lively. They want—perhaps the psychiatrists might say "need"—the contact and sense of participation in the creative thing that is the theatre. They yearn to be a part of it instead of passive spectators—even if they often find it just as difficult to get seats for their hit shows as non-investors do. The possibilities of association with theatre personalities and stage life have a strong emotional appeal for these investors. Not even the slights and snubs they get from some producers—of which more later—have any effect of disenchantment on them.

"Investing in a play," said one woman, "gives you a sense of identification with creativity even if you are not creative personally." "I feel," said another, "as if the play becomes my baby—without any of the birth trauma." Stated the broker: "I think there is a deep-seated psychological need. It started with some suppressed ham in me and it goes back to my school days and my participation in school performances. . . . The idea is to be as close to the theatre, as close as possible, without being a performer or producer." A conservative, methodic, and cautious businessman: "Investing in theatre is a direct antithesis of my own work. It creates a sense of balance." A husband-wife team: "You really feel like a creative part of the theatre." And an accountant: "There's a pleasure of being part of a show. People feel possessive."

FOR many of the interviewees, "identification" had implications beyond psychological gratification. For some it meant prestige and status among neighbors and friends. (In my informal inquiries, I found this to be truer with angels in the suburbs than those in cities.) Because the theatre is culturally desirable, financial involvement seems, in many communities, to lend an aura of the arts-patron to an angel. In certain quarters of our society, the survey indicated, the very act of investment in a Broadway enterprise implies that one has achieved a measure of success in the outside world, the business or professional world. Some angels frankly admitted that they sought, through their affiliations with plays, to be considered big shots in their social communities: "Some of it is based," said the Manhattan broker, "on the social flattery involved, to be able to talk about being a backer." Some valued the recognition they might receive as men and women of judgment, vision, and taste (if, of course, the play that they had backed turned out to be a financial hit or a critical success). For some other investors "identification" meant the illusion—not often the reality—of "being in the know." "A friend of mine," related a radio announcer, "produced a play. It was the first opportunity I had of getting close to a producer. He suggested that I invest. It was the exhilaration of reading the

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script before it was done and of using my judgment that made me put money in it." For this angel, expectation proved stronger than fulfilment: "I thought I would be in on backstage secrets during the rehearsals. None of this turned out to be true. I never even saw the show. It closed out of town."

Unhappily, most of the expressed—or unexpressed—yearnings of angels are not always fulfilled, and this is so not because our shows may turn out to be flops. In the motivational-research study, every interviewee had one or more squawks about the treatment they have received from many of the producers who had willingly taken their money. I have had experiences happy and unhappy; I think most producers are really creative romantics unused to the ways a business (and isn't the theatre a business, beyond its artistic function?) should be run. My experiences may not match those of the interviewees, but on a number of points of complaint there is firm agreement—and a consequent desire to let us angels derive a bit more pleasure, if not profit, in our venture into the theatre.

More producers ought to try to make more angels happy. How?

They could send out periodic bulletins: when a star is signed, when casting is completed, when opening dates are set. They might issue biographical briefs of the major players to the angels. They should send copies of tryout notices in New Haven, Boston, or Philadelphia, and certainly copies of the Broadway opening night reviews, good or bad. Angels would enjoy receiving financial statements more quickly; most producers now send a first statement two months after the opening and a second six months later, both properly certified, but what backer, eager for information about His Play, would not prefer an informal but quick report about a possible hit than an accountant's down-to-the-last-penny audit?

Angels should be enabled to get good seats for their friends without paying brokerage prices; a limited number of seats ought to be held out until two or three days before each performance, to be made available to investors at regular box office prices. Wherever feasible, angels might be invited to rehearsals; perhaps there are some loudmouthed characters among us, but most of us would be content to just sit there quietly and watch in fascination. All investors should be invited to opening-night parties to meet the players, the directors, and others concerned with the production's creative aspects; this would be a gesture making for good will and a greater feeling of participation and can, by the way, be charged legitimately to the cost of production.

Maybe some producers fear that investors want to share the spotlight without sharing the real emotional woes and strain of creating a play. This is a pretty limited view. Most angels, actually, would delight in the turmoil of putting together a production, but this direct connection, as the study indicates, is not what they seek. They merely want a bit more recognition than they now receive, and in the ways I've enumerated above. They want to keep feeling angelic and develop their sense of emotional identification with the theatre. These outside investors must be made to feel as important as they really often are.

I DON'T know how most producers will react to the findings of the Weiss study or to the suggestions in this article. Whatever their immediate reaction, though, I am an active angel and I hope to keep on being one in the commercial theatre. But out of all this—the months of my own inquiries and the motivational study which bolstered so many of my own feelings—I have evolved a theory about how we angels can more regularly achieve the psychologically motivated gratification we seem to be seeking.

Why, if investment in theatre is not, as I hope I have shown, a really sound business venture but is induced primarily by a search for creative identification, should there not be an extension of the not-for-profit system of production? We all recognize the necessity of securing private or public assistance for operas, symphony orchestras, art museums. Many of our finest artistic organizations could not survive without post-season subsidies. Why not accept the inevitable in the theatre? Rising costs of production, limited seating capacities, increased operating rates, the dispersal of population from urban centers to suburbs and a consequent reduction in potential audiences—these make a new approach mandatory.

If most angels really are angels because their deep-lying wish is to derive a vicarious pleasure in an artistic enterprise, let more of them become part of a relationship in which they become actual sponsors of an important cultural activity.

My proposal is this: Various not-for-profit corporations already exist in the setup of the American theatre, most notably the American National Theatre Academy. Let a producer bring his play to such a corporation. Let his angels make tax-deductible contributions to the corporation to pay for the estimated cost of the production. The corporation then contracts with the producer to engage him to produce the play. For his services, the producer receives 10 per cent of the net weekly income until the corporation gets back an amount equal to the cost of production. After this happy stage is reached, the producer will get 50 per cent of the profits (this is customary in the usual commercial partnership). But—and this is a crucial But—the corporation then will make available to the producer the amount of the money contributed initially to put on the play and 90 per cent of all money earned by him to produce more plays. The 10 per cent retained will be used to help new producers, to be selected by a highly competent board, who will present new plays which under existing conditions of what Louis Kronenberger has called "Broadway's box office culture" are rarely produced because they presumably lack the elements of a Real Big Hit.

Let me set up an example. Josh Hayward has a play he wants to produce, a new one by Arthur Inge. He comes to the corporation—foundation, organization, call it what you will. There are discussions. The foundation receives $100,000 from Hayward angels. Until the $100,000 is recovered Josh Hayward gets 10 per cent of the income. When the $100,000 is recovered, Josh has the $100,000 available to produce another play on the same terms, plus 90 per cent of any profits over the $100,000. The corporation exercises no control or supervision

(*Continued on page* 38)

—*Wide World.*

Playwrights Agatha Christie, William Inge, and Anne Nichols.

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ASCAP vs. BMI

Some Dissonances in Tin Pan Alley

By OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

I AM certain that reports on the recent hearings of the Judiciary Committee of Congress relating to the powers of broadcasting networks have caused confusion in the minds of readers.

I would like to state the attitude of songwriters in their controversy with broadcasters and telecasters, and to clarify the source of their concerns and fears.

About sixteen years ago the broadcasters were negotiating a new contract with the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers. This organization was their chief source of material. They paid ASCAP an annual blanket fee for licensing all the music written by the composers and authors in that organization. There were several smaller organizations of this kind, and then of course there were many public domain compositions for which broadcasters didn't have to pay anything at all (Stephen Foster's catalogue, for instance, the copyrights of which had run out). ASCAP, however, controlled the performing rights to the catalogues of Victor Herbert, Jerome Kern, Sigmund Romberg, Rudolph Friml, Rodgers and Hart, George Gershwin, Vincent Youmans, and innumerable other creators of the works which were most desirable and usable for radio.

The broadcasting interests considered that ASCAP was too powerful, and was a monopoly of music which must be fought. The broadcasters forthwith combined their financial strength and their ingenuities and formed a music pool of their own. They called it Broadcast Music Incorporated, and it became known in the music trade as BMI. They formed and financed publishing companies which became affiliates of BMI, and employed whatever authors and composers they could induce to write and assign their songs to this organization. Having established this cushion of protection, the broadcasters turned down ASCAP's demands for an increase in their license fee, and made a counter-offer of a fee much less than they had been receiving before. New Year's Eve arrived and no ASCAP music was heard on the air. BMI introduced its new tunes and its old tunes too. (One could hardly turn on a dial without hearing Stephen Foster's "Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair.") There were also many standard South American rhumbas, tangos, and beguines available to BMI, and the popularity of these rhythms at the time worked to their advantage. For some months the public were deprived of the best American composers and authors, and the latter were deprived of the satisfaction of hearing their songs on the air and also of their customary earnings from this source. ASCAP sued for peace. A new contract was made with the broadcasters at a very substantially reduced rate. The victory of the radio interests indicated clearly that ASCAP had not been so powerful and dangerous a monopoly as they had stated it to be.

IT MUST be admitted, nevertheless, that the Department of Justice had been concerned about ASCAP's power in the music business and charged it with being a monopoly. The result was a consent decree under which ASCAP made certain changes in its structure to satisfy the Department. It was made clear to us at the time that ASCAP was not charged with an abuse of power, but that the Sherman Anti-Trust Law was designed to eliminate any concentration of power that might result in hardship to others if it were abused.

The task of creating BMI had been very skilfully done. All the networks and independent stations were lined up behind the drive to defeat ASCAP. There were rallies and meetings and pamphlets. One of these latter was called "The A.B.C. of BMI." It was published by that organization and distributed to all its affiliated broadcasters. On Page 1 it stated that BMI was endorsed by the presidents of the two big networks and officers of other networks in affiliated stations.

On Page 15 of "The A.B.C. of BMI" there is this revealing and frightening statement:

> The public selects its favorites from the music which it hears and does not miss what it does not hear.

This statement happens to be regrettably true, and this is the nub of the songwriters' fears and grievances. The broadcasters have put themselves in the position of limiting the songs from which the public might select its favorites. They are in the position of deciding what the public shall hear, remembering that "it does not miss what it does not hear."

No song can be popular today unless it is sung on television or radio. The basic source is the phonograph record. After an attractive record is made of a song, it is then sent to the disc jockeys who work on the radio and television stations. This is how popular songs are launched and exploited all the way up to "The Hit Parade."

Since the broadcasting interests

(*Continued on page* 36)

"He's young, intelligent, ambitious—I decided to let him have a little more responsibility."

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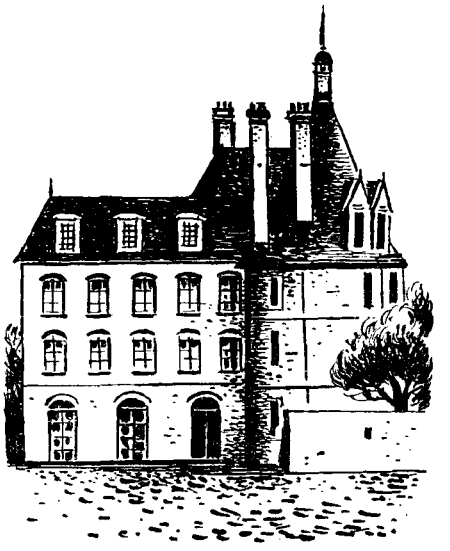
Grand Deception



"The Scapegoat," by Daphne Du Maurier *(Doubleday. 348 pp. $3.95), is the story of an Englishman who fate tricked into impersonating a French count, producing many complications.*

By Edmund Fuller

DAPHNE DU MAURIER'S new novel "The Scapegoat" is a book of the kind that requires an initial pact between reader and author. If you will not make this agreement of acceptance, stay out of the book, for it will have no life or credibility. But if you will accept the author's terms as given (and you won't find it hard) you will enter a world of intense inner reality.

In the literary canon of our time the skill to create an immense, structured, complex plot has fallen to low regard, unless in the specialized medium of the whodunit. The randomness of introspection, neurotic or otherwise, has set the current style and form. Miss Du Maurier, by natural inheritance, is one of the few contemporary practitioners of the old craft of story invention. Frankly, I haven't seen a tale quite in the genre of this one since, in my youth, I read "The Great Impersonation," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. But "The Scapegoat," I hasten to say, is a much superior article.

John, an Englishman, has just wound up a job of academic research in France. He has no enthusiasm for its uses and is on the verge of entering a monastery. Instead, he enters a chateau, for in a station buffet in Le Mans he meets himself, a fantastic likeness, in the person of Jean, the Comte de Gué. Let's skip the details and simply note that John, against his will, is compelled to become the Comte de Gué. In this role, unaided by anything except the clues at which he snatches while everyone takes him for granted, he must cope with a pregnant and unhappy wife, a sick but domineering mother, a religiously obsessed young daughter, a sister and brother who loathe him, a valet-chauffeur devoted to him, and a mistress who gives without demanding. Plots of this sort abound with crises

A Visit With Daphne Du Maurier

—Oliver K. Whiting.

Daphne Du Maurier.

NOT long ago I paid a visit to Manderley. For Manderley did not burn down, "Rebecca" notwithstanding, but as Menabilly, a 350-year-old mansion located at a respectful distance from the rock-bound coast of Cornwall, now serves as the home of Daphne Du Maurier. From the lodge gates at the edge of the wood, the drive, lined with rhododendrons, winds through a tunnel of bearded firs and elms. The old house stands in a clearing which is completely surrounded by the forest except on the south, where a wide avenue with rich carpet of greensward gives access to the shore. Today only half the mansion is in use; the rear wing is little more than a ruin.

When the Brownings (Daphne Du Maurier is the wife of Sir Frederick Browning, KBE, CB, DSO, equerry to the Queen and treasurer to the Duke of Edinburgh) first took the house, it was a wilderness of weeds. Lady Browning and Miss Wardell, her friend and personal companion for years, have done most of the work necessary to reclaim it, and now it was aflame with color, each plant and flower carefully tended with loving hands. Tiny boxwood hedges lined the gravel paths, and behind a wide herbaceous border a grand old cypress tree stood guard as it had done for a hundred years.

Never has fame sat more lightly, nor been carried with greater charm, than by the slim little figure which met me at the great paneled door. Lady Browning was dressed in blue toreador pants and yellow shirt. Her young and laughing eyes belied the grey of her curly hair. She had been playing a practice game of cricket on the front lawn with her son, an Eton boy, who was on vacation.

Lady Browning posed graciously for my pictures. I took several in the garden and then suggested we have one with her granddaughter, Marie Therese, a little girl of about two years. As I moved in to get a close-up with my camera, Lady Browning warned me to "Be sure to include the baby; I should look pretty silly playing in the sand pit by myself."

"I do virtually all my writing in the little cabin you will find hidden amongst the trees almost at the water's edge," she explained to me later. "I keep regular hours starting at 10:30 each morning. I put my ideas down direct onto the typewriter until midday. After a couple hours' break for lunch I usually go for a walk along the shore. Then I resume my typing till six or seven." The cabin, incidentally, served as the inspiration for the Rebecca boathouse.

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and Miss Du Maurier exploits them skilfully.

The interior of this elaborate construction is fascinating. There is nothing artificial about the family life into which John steps. The masquerade becomes the means of a devastating self-discovery. Jean de Gué appears to be selfish, destructive, almost loathsome. John not only discovers his own resemblances, but worse yet, is appalled at the terrible damage he can do when earnestly trying to be better than his double. He has an appalling moment at which he realizes, "Every one of my actions, instincts, weaknesses, all had merged with those of Jean de Gué." Yet, by the end, he has made a remarkable impact on the lives in the chateau.

All the characterizations are rich and sharp. Outstanding are the sister, Blanche, and above all the child, Marie-Noel, with her shattering candor of innocence.

It is quite possible that "The Scapegoat" may be Miss Du Maurier's best book. Certainly it is destined to be another popular one, in which a frankly contrived device is made to serve the ends of a substantial study of the mixed motivations and interminglings of good and evil in human character.

Sometimes on her long walks, Lady Browning will go as far as the little port town of Fowey; nearly all the shopkeepers know her well and look forward to her friendly visits. Fowey is one of the most lovely unspoilt harbors in England. At one time, it was a favorite haunt of smugglers, and its ancient walls and crooked streets still echo to the sonority of the town crier.

"I have no set rules for writing," Lady Browning told me. "Usually I plan the entire plot in rough before writing the manuscript. But sometimes the characters just grow naturally from the start. As in the case of 'Rebecca,' which was inspired by the old mansion in which we now live."

When she wrote "Rebecca," the house was largely a ruin surrounded by a magnificent belt of trees with deserted lawns sweeping down to the open sea. The Du Mauriers lived a few miles away and Daphne used to visit the place in her long walks and spent hours re-peopling it, in imagination, with all the life it must have known.

When business took her to Egypt, in her mind she began as she says in the opening of her book, "to dream of Manderley" . . . Since then, millions of her readers have dreamed of it too.

—Oliver K. Whiting.

Basil Davidson—". . . steers a most skilful course."

Tinderbox in Africa

"The Rapids," by Basil Davidson *(Houghton Mifflin. 288 pp. $3.50), is a novel about race relations in an imagined colony in western Africa. Nicholas Monsarrat, author of "The Tribe That Lost Its Head," reviews it.*

By Nicholas Monsarrat

IT IS possible to disagree with many aspects—sociological, inter-racial, political—of Basil Davidson's novel "The Rapids," and still admire it wholeheartedly for its special qualities of skill and imagination. Mr. Davidson has taken a theme which has attracted a large number of other writers in recent years—the explosive theme of race relations in Africa—and made out of it a rich and rewarding book. Since these problems are likely to be with us for a very long time to come, the book is timely as well as consistently entertaining.

His country is yet another invented one—Delmina, on the west coast of Africa; his colonial leaders are Portuguese, with a sprinkling of English settlers; and his pattern one which is disastrously familiar in very many parts of Africa. There is Captain Stanton, an "old-timer" with an honored position in the white community and the decent respect of the black; there is his daughter Stella, returning from Europe full of those "liberal" ideas so very disturbing to the feudal African tradition; there is Musombe, the young native leader, who loves and indeed marries the daughter.

There is a skilful array of classic colonial types, such as Africa produces in greater quantities than any other continent; and a story of unrest, frustration, and explosion which is also part of the classic African pattern. But these characters are alive, and their story compelling; we can smell the heat, hate the fools and knaves, shudder at the bloody outcome. Mr. Davidson, a British journalist of left-wing views, has certain partisan sympathies; but he is fair all the time.

The old-timers are not too oafish, the police not too brutal, the native characters not too noble or brilliant. It is, again, possible to quarrel with some of his inferences—e.g., that a mixed marriage which would "work" in Europe is equally viable in Africa *now*—without having the temper pricked and the book spoiled. He is especially good at the "border-line" integrations of both white and black: the died-in-the-wool colonial who comes to respect his old servant as a man, not just as a faithful slave; the black agitator who can cross the truce-lines and shake his oppressor by the hand.

This, of course, is the future hope of Africa; and the twin curses of Africa are the theorist who tries to hurry the process, and the hard-headed man-on-the-spot who tries to tread it into the ground. Finding the appropriate rate of progress (which varies widely throughout the continent) is the eternal preoccupation of countless administrators. Hardly any are fools, almost none are knaves.

On the whole, Mr. Davidson has steered a most skilful course, and the basic merits of his story are undeniable. Disagreeing with him, one would like to meet with him and talk it out. Good books surely make one feel just like that.

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Guilt-Ridden Dixie

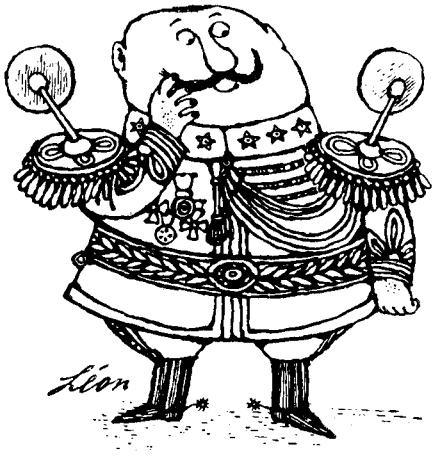
***"The Innocent," by Madison Jones** (Harcourt, Brace. 370 pp. $4.75), is a story of the South, and particularly a horse, a woman, and a moonshiner.*

By John Cook Wyllie

IN HIS first novel "The Innocent," Tennessee-born Madison Jones tells three brutal stories (one of a horse, one of a woman, and one of a moonshiner), and he tells them superbly. When an unannounced talent can so emphatically assert itself on first appearance, one bows and pays the author the compliment of candid criticism.

The form of this novel (and incidentally, the only thing innocent in it is its title) is intricate and convoluted; its design is never fully comprehensible. The protagonist breeds a horse, a sort of Metzengersteinish reincarnation of the Gentleman of the Old South, selectively and symbolically inbred to a walking gait, a towering passion, and a glass eye. Then he breeds a woman, and destroys her in the fashion Gentlemen of the Old South have of destroying the objects of their passion. Then he throws down his rod where it is promptly swallowed by the rod of one Aaron McCool, no gentleman at all. (See Exodus 7: 10-12, this being strictly a product of the moonshining Bible Belt.) The book ends in pure cops-and-robbers style, triple-distilled from the sour-mash school of Mickey Spillane.

The prose, unmatched narrative skill aside, is undisciplined. Three different people, for example, have "rusty" voices, and there is a truck "which abrupted onto the square and crossed it shatteringly." At its best the style is sharp, scabrous, and ironic, but this best is often eclipsed by the remnants of an academic love for the merely pretty or the unnecessarily symbolic.



Thematically the novel stands up fine, decisions at last being made in Mr. Jones's guilt-ridden South, whether men accede to them or not. The novel, in fact, ought to be popular in the South, because Southern readers are in general malicious, injecting their malice into anything within their reach, and there is no moral goodness in this book anywhere. The Southerner, when he finds moral goodness in literature, as in Faulkner, is baffled, and mistakes it for indecency. There will be no such mistake made here. This is rough stuff, and the Southerner ought to love it, especially the Gentlemen of the Old South, who have now mostly moved west, even beyond the distant Tennessee about which Mr. Jones so excitingly writes.

TWO ROMANTICS AND A CHILD GENIUS: Margery Sharp's **"The Eye of Love"** (Little, Brown, $3.95) is the story of a plain, middle-aged couple devoted to Romance with a capital R. At a Chelsea Arts Ball—the time is around 1932, the place, London—Dolores Diver (*née* Hogg) met Harry Gibson, in the fur trade, also romantic by nature. They were in costume. Dolores was a Spanish dancer, naturally, and Harry was done up as a brown paper parcel. It was love at first sight and Miss Diver became a "lady of ambiguous status," set up in a little house with rose-colored curtains and knick-knacks provided by Harry. From then on, these two called each other "My Spanish Rose" and "My Big Harry, My King Hal!"

The plot is slight and we know pretty much how it is all going to work out from the start. It is all in the telling—that slightly impish Sharp style. The fur business languishes in the Depression. Harry can no longer maintain the love nest. He gets roped into an engagement with a wealthy girl, as an alternative to, or way out of, bankruptcy. But the Spanish Rose and King Hal languish apart. We hear every sigh and creak of the broken hearts. It is no fair telling who or what brings them together again, but it is no surprise to the reader when it works out that way. After an emotional free-for-all, involving a number of people, there is, of course, a return to True Love in a Cottage.

Wandering through "The Eye of Love" is Martha, Miss Diver's nine-year-old orphan niece, a marvelous creation, a fearful and wonderful young one. Stolid, unresponsive, matter-of-fact, intent on her own affairs, she is compared to "a young pachyderm." Martha turns out to be a child genius of a sort who, in her own untrammeled way, apparently draws like Modigliani. She has a good deal to do both directly and indirectly with the workings out of our romance. As a character, she is a wonderful oddity, a true independent, and she alone is worth the price of the book. My dream child!

"The Eye of Love" has the usual light touch, the unmistakable Sharp flavor. The reader will know at once whether or not this is to be his dish. So many puns must have been made on the author's name that I will forbear, except to say that this has again the expected formula, a mixture of humor, satire, and *Sharpness.*

—ROSEMARY C. BENÉT.

NON-CONFORMIST ON MADISON AVENUE: William Murray's interesting first novel "The Fugitive Romans" depicted the skirmishing of an American intellectual with the forces of conformity—as represented by a Hollywood motion picture company on location in Rome. In **"Best Seller"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95), Mr. Murray continues his battle report but shifts his ground from the Via Veneto to Madison Avenue. Young Max Daniels, a hungry writer who rarely ventures out of Greenwich Village except to borrow money, decides to hoax his way to literary success by writing a calculatedly bad novel. After blackmailing a grubstake out of his respectable brother, Max retires to his cold-water flat and grinds out "Hang Me Twice Before I Die," a two-bit dreadful of the gutsy school, in which a Dorian Gray motif is camouflaged in the bloodthirsty monosyllables of the paperback thriller. Max's best friend, a Fourteenth Street dada named Nick Shatov, is afraid that the writer's individuality will be flattened by his diabolically contrived success, but Max is confident. "I'm not selling my soul," he says, "I'm hocking it."

In the course of his merchandising campaign, Max runs across some interesting cultural fauna: publishers, editors, publicity men, Bennington girls, even a good agent (surely his most remarkable discovery). About some of these exhibits Mr. Murray's observations are both witty and illuminating. His montage of the bloodless tastes and party conversation of the semi-intelligentsia is devastatingly funny ("Have you read Pogo today?") and his barbs at the publishing dodge (which the blurb uneasily refers to as a "parody") draw fresh blood. In other departments, though, Mr. Murray's observations are too superficial to be penetrating: the protean Max is a wayfarer in several

(*Continued on page* 34)

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Housewife in Hollywood

"To See The Dream," by Jessamyn West *(Harcourt, Brace. 314 pp. $3.95), is the notebook of a writer who underwent the pleasures and tortures of seeing one of her novels—"The Friendly Persuasion"—made into a movie.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

WHAT shall it be in the way of food for the visiting school administrators? Shall it be cheese fondue? Jessamyn West, journal-keeping housewife, is considering menus for the morrow.

"I wish I could cure myself of the habit—or need—of making a crisis of each party by serving a dish I have never cooked before," she writes. "Why, I wonder, must I do this? Perhaps giving a party is like writing a story. Failure is better than repetition."

"To See the Dream," which begins with this meditation on experiments, is a dish Jessamyn West has never served before: her first book of nonfiction. What exactly has she cooked up? At first riffle it seems to be a book about movie-making, the story of Miss West's nine months as scriptwriter and technical adviser for her own "The Friendly Persuasion"; a book on the order of Lillian Ross's "Picture" with the same intimate air of being backstage in Hollywood. If the deadpan reporting in "Picture" made readers want to see "The Red Badge of Courage," "To See the Dream" should have a far more stimulating effect on the box office since it is a story not of failure—not even admirable failure—but of achievement against odds. As the author does battle with scene designers, costumers, stars, and producers in defense of her story and her characters, as she wins or is argued down, one has the sensation of taking part in a creative process—and one grows concerned. Did Jessamyn's ideas for the cannon scene prevail? Did Gary Cooper touch that gun? Which neighborhood theatre is showing "The Friendly Persuasion" and are we too late for the second feature?

But "To See the Dream" can't be publicity blurb; not coming from Jessamyn West. What is it then? Will the movies buy it, casting an unknown actress as Jessamyn or maybe hiring the author herself and thereby giving her material for another book? The idea has a certain charm—after all in "The Jolson Story" we watched Larry Parks play Al Jolson watching Larry Parks play Al Jolson. But it would be silly and unjust to infer that "To See the Dream" was written as a potential movie script, or indeed for any reason than that the author had something to say and a new way to say it. She happens to keep a journal. She has chosen to present her movie adventures in journal form (I would guess) not only because she enjoys experiment but because, with five important books of fiction to her credit, she is enough of a personage to get away with it. She interests us in her own right, as the author of "The Friendly Persuasion," the beguiling "Cress Delehanty," the grotesque and heartbreaking "The Witchdiggers," many distinguished short stories, and the lovely, too-little-celebrated libretto about Audubon, "A Mirror for the Sky." Beginning "To See the Dream" with a mild appetite for first-person impressions of Hollywood, a casual curiosity about what it's like to have dinner with Gary Cooper, one finishes it three hundred pages later with an absorbing interest in Jessamyn West.

WITH hint and clue, bit and fragment, we construct our image of the author. She lives in Napa, Calif., with her school-administrator husband. She grew up in a little town called Yorba Linda, in a region of orange groves southeast of Los Angeles that was settled in the last century by Quakers from southern Indiana. Richard Nixon's father was her Sunday school teacher (and her mother's maiden name, we note, is Nixon's middle name—Milhous). Miss West suffers from migraine; she loves sunshine, deserts, horseback-riding, and the flight of buzzards; she hates noise, intruders, insincerity, and herons. Though childless she yearns over children, and is so tidy by nature that she cannot bear to sit down to write before she has made the beds and stacked the magazines. "Is there anything more beautiful," she writes, "than a room you have cleaned yourself?" And again, "I love the motions of sweeping, the push and swoop of

—Hans Namuth.

Jessamyn West: "reverent . . . ribald."

body and arms, as much as I love shining floors."

How shall we, on the evidence of her journal, sum up Jessamyn West? Domestic, nature-loving, reverent; so far, we might be describing the ideal columnist for a ladies' magazine. Ribald, crotchety, anti-social but wonderful company, intensely creative, well-balanced yet almost hysterically alive . . . The leisurely discovery of character through the pages of a good journal is one of the most pleasurable forms of reading, as Miss West reminds us. (She is herself a devotee of Thoreau and liked pretending that a Hollywood swimming pool was her Walden pond.)

Like the great nineteenth-century diarists, she interprets incessantly. Sometimes this leads to a kind of instant-philosophy, or theories-while-you-wait. Her theory on bosoms, for instance, struck me as not only specious but dated. Doesn't Miss West know that the new generation of young mothers, the ones who swear by Dr. Spock, are using their breasts for a lot more than stuffing sweaters? But even when she is being a little bit smart-aleck Miss West writes delightfully. At her best Jessamyn, standing on a studio lot at twilight, wonders about the universal human hunger for a story. "'Who am I?' 'Who am I?' we ask ceaselessly, and we get partial answers at least from every character with whom we feel some kinship." "Who am I?" we ask as we read "To See the Dream" and, every now and then, back comes an answer.

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Home to Holland

"The Walls Came Tumbling Down," by Henriette Roosenburg *(Viking. 248 pp. $3.50), is a young Dutch girl's account of her struggle to get back to her homeland following her liberation from a Nazi prison.*

By Raymond Holden

THERE have been many narratives of prison life under the Nazis during World War II. We know very well what it meant to be a captive, civilian or military, in the once pleasant land of Germany. Most of these narratives have been of British or American origin. Henrietta Roosenburg's "The Walls Came Tumbling Down" is different. It is written by a young Dutch woman and deals only incidentally with prison life. It presents a picture of an aspect of captivity of which most Americans happily know nothing—the struggle to get home after liberation.

When in May 1945, the American and Russian armies were squeezing a disillusioned Germany between them, there were in a prison in the little village of Waldheim a group of half-starved and ragged captives who had been condemned to death more than a year before. Almost every day during that period they had lived in the expectation of being taken out to be shot. That is what they thought was going to happen when on May 6 a strange atmosphere of altered routine and discipline came over the prison.

Among the prisoners in the death block was a small group of Dutch who had known one another in the Netherlands resistance movement and who had been condemned to death for aiding Allied pilots to escape, for collecting intelligence about German troop movements, or for trying to escape to England.

The Russian liberators of Waldheim at first ignored the prisoners, then began to look after them in a nervous and unsystematic manner. To Nell and Zip and Joke (pronounced Yokuh) and their man friend Dries, it seemed logical that they would soon be sent home. The guardianship of the Russians, however, became more instead of less strict until it was apparent that in spite of their position as victors, Stalin's men were, like the Germans, something from which to escape.

Nell was a young woman of thirty who had organized a network of hide-outs for shot-down Allied airmen. Joke was a girl of twenty who had, among other things, served as a guide for Allied pilots crossing the Belgian-Dutch border. Zip, Miss Roosenburg, was twenty-eight, a language student who had picked up information in France and passed it on to the exiled Dutch government in London. Dries was twenty-six, a merchant seaman who had been picked up by the Germans while trying to cross the channel.

These four resolved to try to get home, but they had no very clear idea of how to go about it. The possibility of finding a small boat on which to drift down the Elbe in the general direction of the Netherlands seemed attractive.

With a baby carriage, a small cart, and some food they set out on foot tricking and deluding the more rapacious Russians, accepting help from the more friendly, billeting themselves on German families in farmhouses and castles, being sheltered by an interned Dutch barge captain on the Elbe, finding the going as precarious as if the war had still been on. The hardships which they suffered cheerfully and sometimes almost gaily were incredible. It was harder to get out of Russian-occupied Germany than it ever had been to get through Nazi lines. Henriette Roosenburg's account of these four courageous young people who succeeded in doing it is a story which will long be remembered—for its picture of human courage and endurance fostered by a passion for freedom, no less for its portrait, strong, charming and inspiring, of the Dutch character.

BIG FAMILY: The Braggiotti family is quite a clan. Probably the best known of them in this country is Francesca, who became the wife of John Lodge, former governor of Connecticut and now our ambassador to Spain. Francesca's brothers and sisters (there were eight Braggiottis in all) include a well-known pianist, a newspaper columnist, a professional dancer, an artist, a diplomat, and a Broadway actor. When they were children their parents ran a singing school—Papa placed voices, Mama taught phrasing—in Florence. There, lined up in a row like the Little Peppers, the young Braggiottis posed some forty years ago for the picture which now appears on the back jacket of **"Born in a Crowd"** (Crowell, $3.95), a book about them by their sister, Gloria. There can be little doubt that as *bambini* the Braggiottis were charming. They improvised puppet shows for the tenant farmers on their estate, played musical instruments and danced at their parents' regular Saturday afternoon musicales, and lavished loving care on a series of pets named after operas and operatic characters. There are also overtones in the book that they thought they could do no wrong. Once, while visiting in New Hampshire (after Mama died they migrated to the United States), they caused one of their hostess's servants to be fired unjustly. Although Miss Braggiotti likes to characterize her family as "as mixed as *minestrone*," her recapitulation of them, alas, turns out to be badly thinned broth. For one thing, she is inclined to rely too much on the hilarity of being a member of such a large and charming clan and too little on the personalities of the members. She also has a habit of leaving the reader up in the air. Indeed, the picture on the jacket makes a more interesting record of the eight Braggiottis than this rather superficial account by one of them. —E. P. MONROE.

—From the jacket of "Born in a Crowd."

The Braggiotti clan: Berta, Francesca, Stiano, Mario, Marta, Gloria, Rama, Dorilio.

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Artisan of "The Moonstone"

"The Life of Wilkie Collins," by Nuell Pharr Davis *(University of Illinois Press. 360 pp. $5.75), is a new study of one of Dickens's most favored literary satellites. The reviewer is Richard D. Altick of Ohio State University, author of "The Scholar Adventurers."*

By Richard D. Altick

WILKIE COLLINS'S greatest fortune, as a writer on the make in mid-Victorian England, was to become one of the most favored of the numerous satellites who revolved around Charles Dickens. Dickens was his mentor, his intimate friend. In the end Collins proved to have mastered some of Dickens's fictional techniques more thoroughly, if not necessarily more expertly, than the great man himself. Some of them, that is—and, on the whole, the less significant ones. For Dickens was not primarily a sensational novelist, while Collins was hardly more.

Thanks largely to a close study and refinement of Dickens's formula for clothing extravagant and complicated plots and opera-style characters in gaslit London realism, Collins won himself a place in literary history as the author of two novels of mystery and suspense, "The Woman in White" and "The Moonstone." His other fiction, though some of it sold very well in his own time, nowadays has an interest that is more symptomatic than intrinsic. It is second-rate stuff, but it does exemplify one important mode in the popular Victorian literary tradition—that of the sensational tale.

Long intimacy with Dickens was, in another sense, Collins's greatest misfortune; for every reader of a biography of Collins tends automatically to measure the lesser man's character and personality against that of Dickens. Dickens's petty streaks, bellicosity, egotism, arbitrariness, heaven knows, were plentiful enough, were more than balanced by his incredible creativity, his humanitarian zeal, his energy in practical affairs, his almost desperate gregariousness. Collins had his attractive side, too; in detestation of humbug and cant, for example, he was at least Dickens's equal. And in his fiction he conceded less than Dickens did to the prudish guardians of Miss Podsnap's maiden innocence.

Still, the truth is that there was something scruffy about the man and the events of his life. He cannot be blamed, of course, for his odd appearance—a small body, oversized and lopsided head, and short-sighted eyes. And one applauds the hard bargains he drove with his publishers once he had "arrived." But whereas Dickens's appreciation of the value of shillings and pence went hand-in-hand with often spectacular generosity, Collins was merely close.

—*Bettmann.*

Wilkie Collins—". . . something scruffy."

Similarly, even remembering Dickens's own miserable marital history and his liaison with Ellen Ternan, Collins's record is still less heroic. He acquired a mistress (and the germ of the plot of "The Woman in White") simultaneously, in a startling and hardly credible encounter one moonlit summer night on the outskirts of London. He never bothered to make her his wife but instead married her off (temporarily) to a plumber. Meanwhile he was fathering several "morganatic" children by another woman. All this is recalled in no censorious spirit, but simply by way of remarking that the disreputable, or at least disheveled, side of Collins's life was largely unredeemed, as it assuredly was in Dickens's case, by the largeness of spirit and the artistic capacity that in some men tend to overshadow personal shortcomings.

Nuell Pharr Davis has written a conscientious but pedestrian narrative. In view of the general excellence of Kenneth Robinson's life of Collins, published a few years ago, one questions whether another was needed so soon. The manuscript materials which are here used for the first time amplify our knowledge of the man in certain respects but they do not significantly alter our estimate of him. And, perhaps overmodestly, Dr. Davis shies away from any penetrating literary criticism.

Rock

By Joseph Langland

OBSERVED from age to age,
The water's arrogance
Stabs at the earth, a rage
Of damned munificence.

Spun from the ocean plains
Clear to its polar caps,
Who knows what world it drains,
What country takes? Perhaps

It lures and smiles and lies
Beyond our sandy sweeps;
Yet, seen with ageless eyes,
Whole armies from its deeps

Rise on our shores and crash
Over our walls. One hears
Only that single clash
Joined for a million years.

If patience were a rock,
Anger the pounding sea,
I should prefer to mock
That mad intensity;

And though I, grain by grain,
Fail in those fluid wars,
I still might entertain
Such thundering visitors

As long as one could shout,
As far as one could hear,
Until the earth give out,
Or judgment reappear.

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The Enigmatic Mr. Howells

***"The Road to Realism," by Edwin H. Cady** (Syracuse University Press. 283 pp. $4), is an account of the first forty-eight years of William Dean Howells's life. Maxwell Geismar, our reviewer, is at work on a volume that will study the life and works of Howells, Henry James, Edith Wharton, and their contemporaries.*

By Maxwell Geismar

THERE are sounds in the air of a Howells revival with Edwin H. Cady's new biography, "The Road to Realism," and Everett Carter's recent critical study, "Howells and the Age of Realism." Certainly Howells, a major figure in his own period along with his friends Mark Twain and Henry James, has been the forgotten man of our own epoch. Part of this is due to the Menckenian orientation of the famous World War I generation that denied its literary ancestors. But the case of William Dean Howells is more complex than this, and is still puzzling. One reads Mr. Cady's biography for the light it throws on an admirable but enigmatic literary figure.

It is a sensitive, well-informed biography, too, which recognizes, if it does not solve, the mysteries of Howells's temperament. In "A Boy's Town," "Years of My Youth," "New Leaf Mills," and elsewhere, Howells himself gave us the outlines of the story which Mr. Cady now documents so well. The father was a cultivated, genial, and eccentric country editor in Ohio, of strong Swedenborgian and abolitionist views, no matter what his readers thought. The mother was of Irish and Pennsylvania Dutch descent, struggling and yearning, like most late-frontier women, for the comfort and security that her husband's convictions almost always disrupted.

The future editor, critic, and novelist spent most of his youth as printer and type-setter for a series of hard-pressed and failing country newspapers. He read avidly to compensate for his lack of formal education; he intended to be a poet in the manner of Heine. Though Mr. Cady's account fills in many gaps, Howells's own evocations of this period remain curiously shadowy and "literary." There are few friends, no girls, a lingering fear of "hydrophobia," and the terrible bouts of "homesickness" that he later identified as love for a mother who herself always remained an image rather than a person.

There were indeed those recurrent states of physical or nervous collapse under whose shadow Howells lived out his life. The apostle of realism in our literature, of daily life and the commonplace, carried his own wounds, fears, and traumas deep within him. He could not stand a city editor's job in Cincinnati after he had visited the police court and seen a drunken woman. He did not take the chance to see Lincoln during the campaign; but he wrote a political (and very elevated) biography that brought him a consular post in Venice. Here at last he was embracing that shining and immaculate vision of culture towards which he had struggled all through his youth.

Returning to Boston at last, which was second only to Venice in Howells's youthful dreams of literary fame, he moved swiftly up to the editorship of *The Atlantic Monthly*. He was the friend, disciple, and publisher of Holmes, Lowell, Norton, Longfellow; he had been chosen to perpetuate the New England tradition. As the author of popular travelogues, romances, and "problem-novels" in the Seventies, he could support his cherished wife and children in more than comfortable style. He was the perfect Brahmin success story.

It was only indeed with his first important novel "A Modern Instance," in 1882, that the foundations of his career began to tremble. Mr. Cady's account of this famous and controversial novel in its own time—and of Howells's conflicts about the ending—is particularly illuminating. For the question of "divorce," around which the story is ostensibly centered, was taboo not only with Howells's large audience of feminine readers, but perhaps also with the novelist himself. It took courage to raise the issue, even if he bogged down at the end—and went through another period of nervous exhaustion and illness. Three years later, in "The Rise of Silas Lapham," he went on to write a still bolder book.

What is difficult to realize today is the appalling limits of "taste" in Howells's mainly middle-class feminine audience. Even his mildest attempts to "debunk" or to make human the Young American Girl of the period had brought indignation upon his head. Both "A Modern Instance" and "Silas Lapham" were pioneer studies of the new "economic morality" of the Gilded Age; and Howells was to do even sharper and better books. He had indeed reached certain deep convictions about his society which threatened the whole edifice of his career. He had already begun quite deliberately to risk his popu-

(*Continued on page* 35)

—Bettmann.

William Dean Howells—"an uncertain and very often anguished artist."

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Destiny's Helping Hand

***"De Lesseps of Suez," by Charles Beatty** (Harper. 334 pp. $4.50), is a new biography of the Frenchman who built the Canal. It is reviewed here by Leo Gershoy of New York University.*

By Leo Gershoy

THANKS to a timely assist from history, the engrossing new biographical study of Ferdinand de Lesseps, builder of the Suez Canal, has even more than its own solid merits to commend it. Charles Beatty's "De Lesseps of Suez" appears when the Canal is front-page news and World Problem Number One, with all its implications of decisive shifts in the balance of power, for wise statesmen to solve. It is published when Sir Anthony Eden dared and failed to arrest the enormous bid of Egypt for power, when Secretary Dulles pleads not without skill and eloquence for congressional approval of his policy of blocking Russian advance in the Middle East.

Plus ça change, perhaps, is what the tough old Lord Palmerston would say, could one communicate with him in that special heaven reserved for British imperialists. For he foresaw that the creation of an independent Egypt (particularly if its independence was a transparent fiction) would only give Russia a pretext to intervene in the powder keg of the Near East and the Middle East and add all the manpower and material resources of those regions to its own. *Plus ça change,* possibly, is what the wise and mellow Ernest Renan would whisper—were he to be given the opportunity to instruct us—for in his own day he called the turn with a prophetic and ironic power that is striking: "A single Bosphorus," he wrote addressing himself to Lesseps, "has hitherto sufficed for the troubles of the world; you have created a second much more important one . . . a point for the occupation of which the whole world would struggle to be first. You have marked out the field for great battles in the future."

All this is significant and of the essence for the student. How about the non-specialized reader who wants to know about Lesseps himself? In that respect Mr. Beatty's work is more absorbing still. He has acquitted himself with considerable distinction in unwrapping the personality — the phrase is his—from a mass of paper. He brings to life a remarkable man, one of almost unbelievable physical vitality, courageous to a fault, humane and generous and compassionate, of tremendous driving force. Even when he failed, Lesseps accomplished great things, as he did in that singular fiasco and epilogue of his glorious career, the collapse of the Panama Canal project. He foundered in Panama, but he had set his sights high, far above the vision of most men.

—Bettmann.

Lesseps caricatured by Carjat during construction of Suez Canal.

The people who worked with him and worked for him in the incredible Suez venture sensed that *mana* of his being, the depth of feeling and belief which inspired him, the will that sustained him at the darkest of moments, and the intellect that guided his emotions. For those who were close to him, the balanced union of sentiment and mind, the undefinable impression of authority, gave assurance and security. Proud he was, perhaps, but otherwise pure of heart, untouched by avarice or gluttony of the mortal sins. There were others—and on this point Mr. Beatty carries delicacy and tactfulness almost to the point of evasive distortion — who were rankled by his confidence, by his conviction that he was giving a helping hand to destiny, who could not believe that his sense of service to humanity was only a species of noble candor.

To his critics Suez gave no opportunity. Opposed by England and long unaided by Napoleon III, staggered by technical engineering problems through despairing difficulties of financing the venture, Lesseps did the impossible, recruiting and maintaining his labor force, overcoming the hazards of disease, by heroic exertions dedicating himself to the accomplishment of his dream. When, in 1869, after more than a decade of toil, Empress Eugenie graced with her presence the formal opening of the Canal, he had reached the summit of his fame.

The almost heart-rending sequel of Panama, when an old man, a mere shadow of the titan of Suez, obstinate to realities, irascible over criticism, with blurred vision and faltering hand, sunk millions of francs of other people's money, that fiasco Mr. Beatty treats briefly and tenderly. "To Ferdinand de Lesseps," he writes with fine compassion, "a retrial by grace [is] allowed . . . by the weighing of his heart 'against the feather of

(*Continued on page* 32)

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The Saturday Review

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Tu or *Vous*?

THE French pronouns *tu* and *vous* have become a live issue in a large part of Africa. Wherever I stopped in the French colonies I found people vigorously arguing its use with reference to the Africans. The clearest explanation I had of what it was all about came in the lunchroom of the airport at Fort Lamy, French Equatorial Africa. While waiting for our plane to refuel, I met a man who had just been elected to the French Senate and was now on his way to Paris. It developed that he was a fellow passenger on the Air France plane.

During our conversation I addressed the gentleman as Monsieur. This seemed to bother the people at the next table.

"Isn't that terrible?" one of them whispered loudly in French, the reproof of disdain bristling in her voice. "Just listen to him refer to the native as Monsieur."

My companion, Monsieur Pierre Goura, who had the honor of being one of the few Africans in the French Senate, heard this remark as clearly as I did, and he lowered his head.

"Well," he said very softly, "at least they referred to me as a 'native' and not as a 'savage'."

Then he looked up and resumed the conversation. We had been talking about the political and economic gains of the blacks in French Africa. The French Government, he said, was far ahead of many of its own white citizens and its readiness to institute reform. Africans were now given full citizenship and political rights in French territories, in marked contrast to what was happening in a large part of the rest of the continent. An African had been elected as Mayor of Brazzaville, one of the largest cities on the West Coast.

But most significant of all, Monsieur Goura said, looking over at the people at the next table, was the fact that the Government had recently passed legislation outlawing *tu*. Henceforth, it would be necessary for white people to refer to African employes as *vous*.

I smiled at what seemed to me to be a polite barb deftly directed at our neighbors.

"I am quite serious," Monsieur Goura said. "Far-fetched though it may seem, this is an important new law and it has created extreme controversy. Surely you must have heard about it if you have been traveling in French Africa."

I nodded, but said that there was much about it that I did not understand.

"The blacks feel the legislation is long overdue," he explained. "Many of the whites refuse to comply by using *vous* and the blacks are insisting on their legal right to be addressed properly if they are to work."

Monsieur Goura added that *tu*, the singular and intimate form of *you* in French, had through long usage become a symbol for all that was distasteful in the relations between European and African. It represented the social and psychological gulf between black and white. It became synonymous with an inferior position. It was like whistling for your dog.

"But the pronoun *tu* is also used for one's intimate friends and family, is it not?" I asked. "Why don't the Africans interpret the word in a way that would be favorable to them?"

"The tone of voice and the history behind it," he said, "make it clear that *tu* is the command by which one man asserts his dominance over the other."

In that case, I replied, the white man could obey the new law and use *vous* but if his tone of voice were the same, the old meaning would be unchanged.

"True," replied Monsieur Goura. "Just the same, it is important for the government to show its awareness of the feelings of the blacks. Even though the tone of voice may be the same when *vous* is used instead of *tu*, the white man knows that the black has won a victory in his battle for respect. You can be sure that if the whites thought it made little difference which pronoun were used, so many of them would not now grumble over it.

"The heart of the issue is this: if the white man refers to the black as *tu*, we want to feel free to refer to him the same way. But he insists on *vous*. And so we now insist on *vous* too."

Monsieur Goura's use of the term "battle for respect" reinforced my dominant impression in Africa that the most important and explosive issue was not concerned with economic drives or political systems. It was concerned with human attitudes. All these issues were related, of course. The ideas people had about one another determined the kind of government and economic structure they had. But it was significant, all the same, that the basic symbols of human respect came first. A man might not have as much food as he needed for his family; he might not have the job he thought his abilities justified; but he could still sustain himself if he had the hope of doing better. And when he was deprived of respect as a human being, his natural sense of justice came alive. There was vast energy and power in this natural insistence on moral status. It was difficult to imagine anything strong enough to stand in the way of it.

The men and women of Asia and Africa are tied to each other in this sense. Both feel that justice begins with respect. Both feel that justice is related to freedom from outside rule. Yet there are important differences, it seems to me, between the Asians and Africans in their thinking and approaches. When the Asian insists that he be treated with respect, he is thinking not only of his natural dignity but of his culture. He feels that the outsider has tried to deprive him not only of national freedom but of his cultural heritage. He doesn't argue that his own historical values were obliterated, just that they were weakened and obscured in the blur resulting from contact with the West. And he would like to rediscover his culture and restore his pride in it.

For the African, however, there is

(*Continued on page* 33)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

POETRY IS NOT INVOLVED

FROM ITS VERY beginnings I have taken *SR*, delighted in it, and depended on it. Editors, department heads, and reviewers have come and gone. Changes have been many, but usually toward growth. Never have I written you a letter. Never until the January 12 number have I found a reviewer, also a department head, guilty of gross discourtesy. But Mr. Ciardi's affront to Mrs. Lindbergh showed just that. The whole thing "smells to Heaven." Poetry is not involved.

MARGARET C. METCALF.

Duxbury, Mass.

EXPLOSION

I EXPLODED, SHOOTING sparks like an angry Catherine wheel. When my initial reaction had somewhat subsided, I knew Thomas Wentworth Higginson had said (in preface to Emily Dickinson's poems) better than I am able exactly what I felt. "When a thought takes one's breath away, a lesson on grammar seems an impertinence."

ALICE BULLOCK.

Sante Fe, N. M.

KINDNESS, TOO

I HAVE LONG BEEN a great admirer of Mr. Ciardi's writing, both creative and critical, but I am compelled to take issue with this article. Mrs. Lindbergh's book is a great disappointment and not up to acceptable standards of poetry. But I do believe that kindness and courtesy should be incorporated in the rules of any profession, not just toward Mrs. Lindbergh because she is a gentle soul and has suffered more than most women and I shrink from seeing her chin quiver, but because, in the long run, kindness *and* honesty make the best policy.

JEAN CLARKE CALDWELL.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

IS CIARDI A POET?

PLEASE TELL ME, in mournful words, who is John Ciardi that he should set himself up as the Godhead of Poetry? Does he write poetry? I am such a simple soul and woman that I enjoyed "Unicorn."

SARAH L. STILL.

Boston, Mass.

OFFICIAL SANCTIONING

THE WHOLE CALIBER of your magazine has been lowered by the official sanctioning of his tantrum.

SARAH S. RAMBERG.

Southampton, Pa.

NO INFERIOR CRITIC

MR. CIARDI'S DETAILED and well considered critique is a highly commendable piece of work. There are, unfortunately, very few critics today who are conscientious enough to take their duties seriously. By seemingly attacking the author, Mr. Ciardi is defending poetry. Only an inferior critic is tolerant of mediocrity. The vituperative letters prove that their writers have opinions; Mr. Ciardi's critique proves that he has taste. But, as Schiller said so well: "Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens."

GUY DE VRY.

Hollywood, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Most all-prevailing monarch, ruler of the universe, controller of all things, master of all fates and destinies, joy of . . ."

WHAT IS POETRY?

A LITERARY REVIEW with standards can ignore a bad book or it can give it an unfavorable review. If the book is written by a well-known author, and seems likely to gain wide readership, a review is indicated. To read such a book and to write an unfavorable review is an irksome task to say the least, and I, for one, am grateful that Mr. Ciardi has done this with Mrs. Lindbergh's book, and done it so well.

The correspondence concerning Mr. Ciardi's review reveals an alarming lack of understanding of the nature of poetry and the function of criticism on the part of some of your readers. Poetry, and let us have no metaphysical nonsense about it, is the communication of an idea (or feeling, or poetic vision, or moral truth, or what you will) through the medium of language to an audience.

MAX E. BAKER.

New York, N. Y.

AML'S TEMERITY

I CANNOT BUILD up much sympathy for Mrs. Lindbergh. Any person who has the temerity to assume that another person will pay to read his (or her) creations is inviting the wrath of that person. And, as all the letters flattening Mr. Ciardi took such pains to point out, Mrs. Lindbergh is well-paid for the abuse said wrath gave rise to.

JAMES A. JACOBSON.

Waukesha, Wis.

ON CIARDI'S SIDE

APPROXIMATELY two dozen letters are published in *SR* Feb. 9—all of them deliberately and maliciously aimed against Mr. Ciardi's judgment. I declare myself on his side.

1. A critic is entitled to be as vitriolic as he damned well pleases if his ire is of such a pitch as to merit his outburst.
2. His points are in keeping with all modern principles of good grammar, meaning, and punctuation.
3. Mrs. Lindbergh and her supporters have no right to hide behind their sex in order to avoid the criticism that he would offer under the same circumstances to male poets.
4. His darts are sharp and, therefore, hit home. The reader's blood runs faster when he reads Mr. Ciardi's attack.

WAYNE K. WALTER.

Las Vegas, Nev.

OUR ERROR

MAY I POINT OUT that the caption is wrong under the picture entitled "Boating" on page 38 of *SR* Jan. 12. The photographer was Bert W. Lief of New York and the picture was taken in Mexico, not Nassau.

GEORGE EMERSON.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We acknowledge the error and present our apologies to Messrs. Lief and Fondiller, both of whom won honorable mention with similar studies.*

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TV AND RADIO

The Wreck of War

TELEVISION viewers who watched "Omnibus" over ABC-TV on a recent Sunday night were privileged to share the unheralded American debut of a new Italian film-maker whose cinema work is stamped with the mark of the master. Enrico Pratt's name was not revealed to the television audience at the end of "The Message," his thirty-minute film, because "The Big Wheel," an hour-long (live) survey of burlesque, ran long and all the program credits had to be cut, but this column soon learned his name.

Enrico Pratt is forty-seven. He has had a career as a concert violinist, as an orchestral conductor, and he has been acclaimed by French art critics as a painter. In 1950 he accepted the film medium as the "real challenge of the artist of today." Undoubtedly the fact that he joined the Italian anti-Fascist resistance movement toward the end of the World War II and cared for British and American escaped war-prisoners contributed to the personal attitudes from which he drew the superb esthetic and moral comments on the terror and tragedy of war in "The Message." Signor Pratt has not created just an anti-war tract. This Italian film-maker certainly cannot be classified in the hard, realist school of his contemporaries, De Sica, Rossellini, etc. He is, if you wish, a romantic.

Would Hollywood or our East Coast film-makers in the United States know what to do with Pratt? He is neither violent nor sensational. His pictorial composition is reminiscent of Flaherty; yet his rhythms are swifter, more dramatic. As exemplified in "The Message," his camera insights are marked by a vigorous symbolism which never halts the advance of the story. Perhaps he is affirming the poetry of film. Signor Pratt writes, directs, edits, and scores his films and shoots most of them himself. Whether it be his choice or the restrictions of a modest production budget, this director has worked with non-professional actors in all his films. He made "The Message" in England, where the lead had never acted before. It will be interesting to see what he has done with his group of children and villagers in "Close to the Sky," his most recent film, where the plot presumably demands more dialogue.

"The Message" is almost entirely silent. The only lines spoken are terse military commands at the beginning and the last words of two dying soldiers at the end. Between is the profoundly eloquent silence of a British scout running, walking, tortuously hobbling, and then crawling in agony through forest, up hill, and across open field in a desperate attempt to get a message to headquarters from behind enemy lines. Two of his fellow scouts have made the same dangerous attempt—and failed. The journey of the first is never seen, merely waited out. The journey of the second scout is briefly followed as the sound of his footsteps beat a track through the underbrush; then a shot is heard and the forest is quiet again. But the journey of John Russell is lived full-scale—the face, the eyes, the alert—then the wounded—form of a young, tousled-hair Briton whose private passage to Golgotha in a bombed-out, smoking ruin is transfigured by the director's camera into an epic symbol of universal man struggling across history to the end of war.

John Russell's rifle becomes a crutch at last as he mounts slowly toward the brow of a hill where black clouds mass, ruffled at their outer edges by the promise of sunlight. The world in which a soldier dies is terribly lonely. Life only—not death—knows companionship. It is this stark aloneness which the maker of this film thrusts upon us in "The Message." The scene is utterly still. The enemy is not only the invisible German sniper; it is the lovely wind, sky, and pliant grass now indifferent, alien. John Russell is afraid; but when, having handed his message to a skirmishing Yank, he drags himself to die on the blackened bricks of a gutted building, he is astonished to find that a dying German face-to-face on the ground just ahead of him is also afraid. The outcries: "My God!" and "Mein Gott!" come simultaneously from synchronized throats.

"WHAT terrible harm we do!" the Englishman whispers as he lights a cigarette for the enemy, and the enemy replies: "My father died in the last war, and now . . ." We do not know the men in this film. They are abstractions. But what is more personal and human than the hands of two enemy soldiers clasped at last in death? For remarkable tension as well as for fresh and revelatory artistry—the television screen has seen nothing finer than "The Message." The TV-Radio Workshop has scored a beat and rendered an important service by introducing Enrico Pratt to American viewers. "Omnibus" would do well to show the film again—this time proudly heralded and with credits uncut. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ROYALTY AND LESSER FRY

Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, offers a clutter of book titles each of which lacks a royal or noble designation. She asks you to supply the missing nouns and to assign the correct authors. Coats of arms displayed on page 28.

1. "_____"	( ) Antoine de Saint-Exupéry
2. "The _____"	( ) Elizabeth Gray Vining
3. "_____ Bruga"	( ) Grand Duchess Marie
4. "_____ Namah"	( ) Charles Wertenbaker
5. "_____ Raingo"	( ) Samuel Shellabarger
6. "_____ of Foxes"	( ) Simone de Beauvoir
7. "The Ugly _____"	( ) Lion Feuchtwanger
8. "The _____ Jones"	( ) H. Rider Haggard
9. "The _____'s Ring"	( ) Alexandre Dumas
10. "The Little _____"	( ) Harnett T. Kane
11. "_____ New Orleans"	( ) Eugene O'Neill
12. "The _____ De Sade"	( ) Anatole France
13. "The _____ of Wrexe"	( ) Arnold Bennett
14. "The Rotisserie of the _____ Pédauque"	( ) Hugh Walpole
15. "_____ Windemere's Fan"	( ) Oscar Wilde
16. "_____ Solomon's Mines"	( ) Harold Lamb
17. "Theodora and the _____"	( ) Hal Ellson
18. "The _____ de Bragelonne"	( ) Nancy Hale
19. "The Education of a _____"	( ) Ben Hecht
20. "Windows for the _____ _____"	( ) Firdausi

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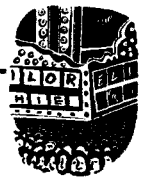

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Human Touch

REALISM is a word that invariably creates a good deal of confusion in artistic circles, and especially when applied to the art of film. To be considered part of the realist tradition, a picture has generally got to be either terribly earnest or horridly sordid. And if the people it presents are drawn from the very dregs of humanity, odd-balls who delight in torturing small dogs and children, then the sense of actuality is deemed to have been inestimably heightened.

Two new films admirably capture a sense of reality without the slightest such overtone of sensationalism or shock. In fact, both of them are comedies—although hardly of the slapstick or screwball schools. They have their funny lines, their amusing situations, their light moments. But there is also, and fundamentally, the awareness of people living, working, and reacting to a specific environment. Rather than dulling the humor of these pictures, however, this very fact seems to heighten their appeal. In **"Gold of Naples"** (D.C.A.), for example, director Vittorio De Sica has attempted to capture the spirit of that teeming, brawling, colorful city in a series of vignettes of typical Neapolitans. Based on four short stories by Giuseppe Marotta, the episodes carry a "slice of life" conviction without turning completely serious until the final sequence. For each of them De Sica has infused with his own warm affection and enthusiasm for Naples, its people and their ways.

It would be difficult to say which of the episodes in "Gold of Naples" is the best. Certainly, the final story has the greatest substance—and a truly extraordinary performance by Silvana Mangano as a prostitute who discovers on her wedding night that her husband has married her out of a twisted determination to expiate the wrong he did to another girl. But there is a wonderful gusto in the sequence of the beauteous *pizza*-maker (Sophia Loren) whose search for a misplaced ring takes her and her suspicious husband to the homes of all their morning's customers, a sentimental pathos in the story of a little street clown (Toto) bullied and victimized by a local racketeer, the suggestion of faded elegance in the portrait of an aging aristocrat (beautifully acted by De Sica himself) reduced to playing cards with the gatekeeper's son when he can no longer afford to gamble at his club. All of these aspects of the Neapolitan temperament and scene De Sica has captured with insight, delicacy, and humor—amiably abetted by the citizens and the sights of Naples itself.

* * *

Much of this same sense of vigorous reality is to be found in Judy Holliday's new comedy, **"Full of Life"** (Columbia). Adapted by John Fante from his own best-seller, it describes the efforts of a none-too-successful young novelist to cope simultaneously with his domineering father and a pregnant wife. Salvatore Baccaloni, the Metropolitan's rotund basso, is superb as the irascible, wine-bibbing old tyrant who descends on the young couple with his rambling account of their Uncle Ringo's escapades in the old country and his own inflexible code of Old World morality. But Judy Holliday is the real surprise in this warm and lifelike little film. In it she abandons completely the hare-brained, wide-eyed innocence of Billie Dawn and her successors to portray a mature, intelligent, and understanding woman. She displays all the quirks and uncertainties of advanced pregnancy—the varied and voracious appetite, the inordinate passion for cleanliness, the fear of losing her husband's love. But she has the wit to see the humor of her position and the understanding to reconcile her hot-tempered husband to the ways of his old-fashioned father.

Because it is a comedy, "Full of Life" has its share of conventionally contrived comic sequences—Judy wrestling with the intricacies of a Pullman lower berth, Judy arriving at the maternity ward clad in her wedding dress. There is also, however, the effort to talk seriously (if circumspectly) about such problems as birth control, inter-faith marriages, and the gulf that separates one generation from the next. Fante's screenplay manages to keep these discussions lively and interesting, even though his conclusions are hardly calculated to create any sizable shocks in the seismograph of public opinion. And Richard Quine's direction, while devoid of either nuance or style, draws uniformly agreeable performances from his cast and makes fine use of the film's preponderance of natural exteriors.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

JAMES STEWART
in
"THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS"
Based on the Pulitzer Prize winning book by
CHARLES A. LINDBERGH
Screen Play by
BILLY WILDER and WENDELL MAYES
Produced by
LELAND HAYWARD
Directed by
BILLY WILDER
A Warner Bros. Picture
In CinemaScope and WarnerColor

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"GLAMOUR AND RHYTHM"
Produced by Russell Markert, with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble . . . Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Raymond Paige.

Walt Disney's CINDERELLA
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EXTRA! WALT DISNEY'S "Blue Men of Morocco"
Trans-Lux Normandie

"THE BEST FOREIGN FILM OF THE YEAR!" N. Y. Film Critics Award
"THE ONE INDISPUTABLE WORK OF ART WE SAW ALL YEAR!" Bosley Crowther, N. Y. Times
LA STRADA
Trans-Lux 52nd on Lexington PL 3-2454

ALBERT SCHWEITZER
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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Bruckner by Walter, Operas Live and TV

IF BRUNO WALTER's present intentions remain unchanged, his current series of concerts with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra is the last he will undertake here as a guest conductor, committed to being in a specific place, at a specific time, a year ahead. Walter has not precluded an "exceptional engagement," for which he will be at the Philharmonic's disposal, but he feels the time has come for an end to the regular round of guest conducting.

In the circumstances, it was illuminating to find him devoting these final weeks to matters nearest and closest to him: Schubert (the "Unfinished"), Bruckner (the Ninth Symphony, also unfinished), Wagner ("Siegfried Idyll"), with Mahler (Symphony No. 2) and a Beethoven program for the Pension Fund of the Philharmonic still to come. Among other things illuminated was how well this orchestra can play when it has leadership in which it has confidence and belief.

Of particular sounding splendor in the first week's sequence was the Bruckner No. 9, which has many traits in common with its best predecessors and a few singular to itself. To some extent in it Bruckner curbed those inclinations to repetitions and sequences, of mighty tonal doors swinging open on empty vistas which some (myself included) find tiresome. Even more important, the adagio is certainly a great movement, and as performed by the orchestra under Walter's knowing direction, it justifies everything the Brucknerites feel about his music. In refinement of detail and sweetness of statement, the "Siegfried Idyll" too, was truly idyllic.

The week's visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra directed by Charles Munch provided a first hearing of Leo Smit's energetic, well-written First Symphony, and two performances of Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No. 2 with Nicole Henriot as soloist. Recalling the effect made with this infrequently played work two years ago by Pietro Scarpini, one could admire Miss Henriot's effort for the energy disposed, and for keyboard agility, but not for more than superficial statement of the music it contains.

Rudolf Bing's review course in the present state of the Wagnerian art reached the end of the first complete "Ring" cycle in six years with a "Götterdämmerung" which was, altogether, of a higher musical level than its predecessors. Perhaps it is easier for present performers to act like the humans of "Götterdämmerung" than the gods and goddesses of "Rheingold" and "Walküre," but it relates to more basic facts such as Kurt Böhme's excellent Hagen, the workmanlike Brünnhilde of Martha Mödl, and the surehanded leadership of Fritz Stiedry.

In voice and bearing, Böhme bears more than a little resemblance to Ludwig Weber, a fine artist who has, unfortunately, never been tempted to visit America. He has the dark-bearded voice to go with the dark-bearded character, a striding command of the stage when necessary, and a real talent for standing still. A worthy son of a dastardly father (Alberich, let us remember, begot not only Hagen but all the troubles of which the "Ring" is the outcome), Böhme is a good successor to such Hagens of the past as Kipnis, Ludwig Hofmann, Emanuel List, and Michael Bohnen.

Mme. Mödl also ranks high for conscientious artistry, sound knowledge of her part, and devotion to the high Wagnerian ideals. However, she does not have the kind of vocal endowment (in the words of a famous source) "to make the rough places smooth." The voice never quite fits the music, but always seems to be grappling for a closer conformity, an easier way of surrounding the required notes. Recurrently she carves out phrases of impact and meaning, amid others of fuzzy outline and labored vocal production. Of her female associates, Blanche Thebom impresses for the athletic qualities of movement she brings to Waltraute, less for vocal agility; while Marianne Schech's Gutrune is modestly middle-class, as might have been expected from her Sieglinde.

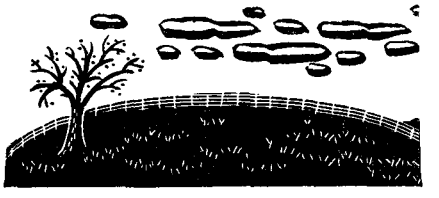
The qualities of reliability (if not brilliance) common to the foregoing were present in lesser measure, at briefer length, in the other principals. Ramon Vinay makes every serious effort to match the needs of the elder Siegfried, but it is a tortured, ill-focused, and largely unmusical sound he projects. We are accustomed to equally earnest, even more ill-fitting voices for Siegfried; may we ask for a little more care in costuming to avoid the wrinkled knees of his especially ill-fitting tights? As Gunther, Hermann Uhde is vocally above average, dramatically unstabilized as yet. At the start, he is more cheerful than the usual Gunther, digressing sharply to a mood of inconsolable anguish when he realizes he has been duped. A smoother integration of dramatic extremes, a more subtle transition from one attitude to the other, would make it all a good deal more convincing. Lawrence Davidson's Alberich was unusually effective, the Norns—Belen Amparan, Margaret Roggero, and Gloria Lind—and Rhine Maidens (Heidi Krall, Rosalind Elias, and Sandra Warfield)—well-prepared for their duties.

A more than passing word of appreciation should be directed to Herbert Graf's stage direction, which—within the framework provided by the surroundings—is consistently purposeful, well-organized, and non eccentric. These may seem modest virtues, but they are major accomplishments in terms of the problem presented. Among the latter are such whims as Mme. Mödl's in finding a travel costume in her mountain cave (a change from gold in Act I to grey-with-cape in Act II) when she is abducted by Siegfried-Gunther, and Uhde's preference for hard-soled, built-up sandals which clumped audibly on the stage floor. There are times when singers should be grateful for

(*Continued on page* 59)

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Duke," by Hall Ellson. 2. "The Barons," by Charles Wertenbaker. 3. "Count Bruga," by Ben Hecht. 4. "Shah Namah," by Firdausi. 5. "Lord Raingo," by Arnold Bennett. 6. "Prince of Foxes," by Samuel Shellabarger. 7. "The Ugly Duchess," by Lion Feuchtwanger. 8. "The Emperor Jones," by Eugene O'Neill. 9. "The Empress's Ring," by Nancy Hale. 10. "The Little Prince," by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. 11. "Queen New Orleans," by Harnett T. Kane. 12. "The Marquis De Sade," by Simone de Beauvoir. 13. "The Duchess of Wrexe," by Hugh Walpole. 14. "The Rotisserie of the Queen Pédauque," by Anatole France. 15. "Lady Windemere's Fan," by Oscar Wilde. 16. "King Solomon's Mines," by H. Rider Haggard. 17. "Theodora and the Emperor," by Harold Lamb. 18. "The Vicomte de Bragelonne," by Alexandre Dumas. 19. "The Education of a Princess," by Grand Duchess Marie. 20. "Windows for the Crown Prince," by Elizabeth Gray Vining.



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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Saucerian Humor

IN **"Visit to a Small Planet"** Broadway has a comedy that for a full evening runs the risk of satire. From the moment Eddie Mayehoff opens the play with a broad caricature of smug, Pentagonian, high-brass alphabetese we realize that playwright Gore Vidal is not showing us whole people, but rather the cores of their occupational fetishes. While modern major-generalship is the most fun, there are several other good targets, too. Commentatorship is represented by a self-centered TV opinion-caster in whom is combined pompous omniscience, presumptuous self-appointment as Americanism's spokesman, distorted personal politics that override honest reporting, and corrupt segues from world crisis to commercial with no decrease in urgency of tone. The position of the modern young girl trained at progressive colleges is amusingly pinpointed in the commentator's daughter, who feels the conflicting responsibilities of being profound, marrying a man with "drive," having lots of children, and following her natural healthy instinct to accompany a personable young lover to a motel. This impulsive boyfriend, who is a pacifist, is satirized least of all. Instead, a young Army captain is picked to stand for the typical American boy. This captain is absurdly vulnerable to any sentimental or patriotic cliche, has lusty notions patterned on Hollywood and Mickey Spillane, and brings the house down with his naive apology, "We're kind of hotblooded people where I come from . . . Marietta, Ohio!" The last in Mr. Vidal's gallery is the commentator's wife, who is practical enough to hope her daughter will not marry her impoverished admirer just because she's sleeping with him, and also practical enough to be concerned with the immediate housekeeping problems imposed by any old unexpected guest rather than with the awesome fact that for the first time in history man is receiving a visitor from outer space.

This visitor, who when questioned on his embarkation point snobbishly replies "Oh, *nobody* lives on Mars," goes on to explain that he dwells "in the suburbs of time." While science-fiction addicts may find this a stimulating address, theatre-goers are more apt to recognize a man in whom over-civilization's dilemma has been stated. On the one hand, he is able to use 100 per cent of his brain instead of the 5 per cent modern man is capable of; on the other, he has lost all sense of morality and purpose in an existenc where one no longers dies or suffers strong passions. His landing on earth and his subsequent desire to watch the barbaric and nonsensical vitality of our young civilization, is responsible for a whimsical plot in which he casually attempts to start a cataclysmic World War. ("Isn't hydrogen fun!" he jokes.)

MR. KRETON, for that is the name the author has selected for his fourth-dimensional dilettante, is played by Cyril Ritchard. The brilliant comedian realigns his famous foppish mannerisms into proportion with the mental strength of this character. Thus, while Mr. Kreton's overcivilization may have the same base as Sir Fopling Flutter's, it is a tougher alloy. Eddie Mayehoff's General is a solo bit that somehow triumphs over the law of diminishing returns. Unlike Orson Bean or Jack Gilford, this entertainer has not yet learned to blend his technique completely into the needs of a play, but his buffoonery fits the VIP prototype perfectly. When he gives a military order we feel both the seriousness and the absurdity of army ways.

When he tries to muddle his way out of a predicament his unfinished sentences and forced futile gestures are uproarious indictments of executives who live in a world of bluff and high-pressure gobbledegook. Sybil Bowan catches nicely the absurdity of maternal protectiveness and homemaking in a world that moves too fast for most effective permanent human relationships. Conrad Janis and Sarah Marshall admirably achieve the confusion natural to honest members of the younger generation.

There are times when "Visit to a Small Planet" becomes tedious, because there is little progress that is not merely a further demonstration of the one same joke. But under Cyril Ritchard's direction the fun keeps simmering, and, happily, the thirty-two-year-old novelist-playwright has seen to it that his play is usually at least one dimension beyond mere stage foolery. —HENRY HEWES.

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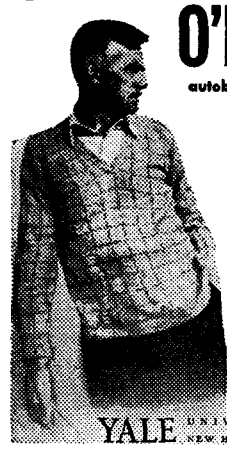

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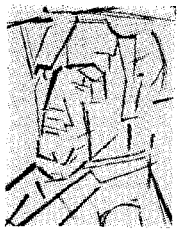


The Ultimate Cubist

***"Piet Mondrian," by Michel Seuphor** (Abrams. 443 pp. 600 illus., 34 in color. $17.50), is an attempt to convey a complete impression of the life and work of one of the most important painters of the first half of the twentieth century. Harry Holtzman, who reviews it, is a member of the art department of Brooklyn College.*

By Harry Holtzman

PIET MONDRIAN (1872-1944) is best known for his mature art, with its characteristic rectilinear structure of vertical and horizontal tensions in primary red, yellow, blue, black and white. Until the publication of this book by the French critic Michel Seuphor, few have had the opportunity to examine the full scope of Mondrian's art, from his beginnings in Holland in the academic realism of the late nineteenth century, through the periods of postimpressionism; cubism, which was to become the basis of his mature expression, and neoplasticism, the new plastic in art. Mondrian alone was to carry cubism to its logical consequences.

The book is a singular and important event. It is the first attempt to convey a complete impression of Mondrian, through a biographical study of the movement and pattern of his life, by representing the total development of his art through more than 600 illustrations, thirty-four in color, and by presenting his essential ideas through his longest writing, "Natural Reality and Abstract Reality," formulated during the years 1919 and 1920.

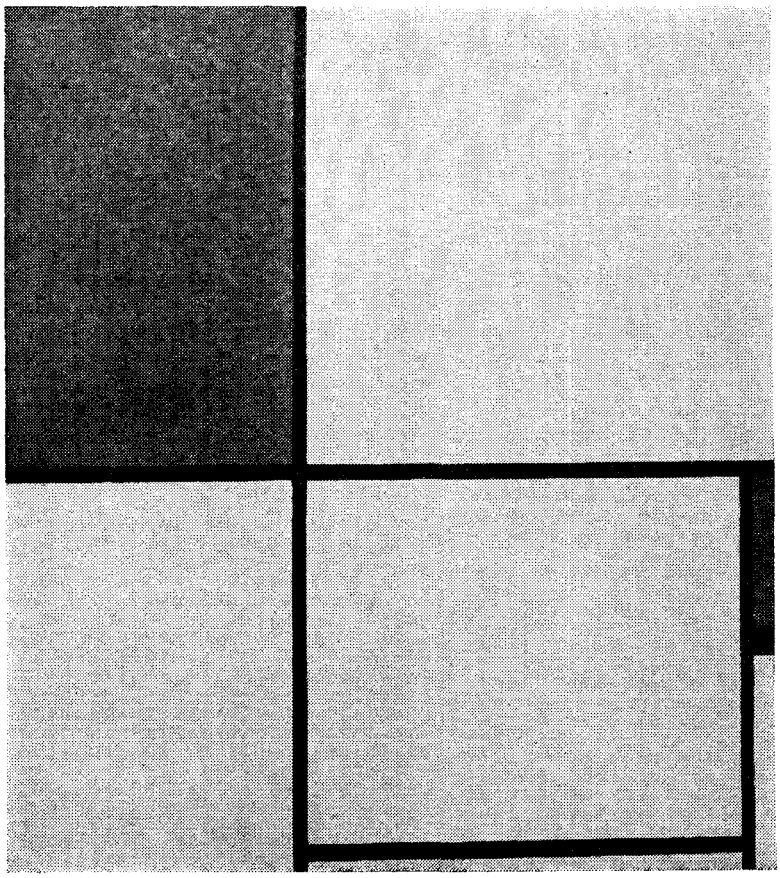
Michel Seuphor first met Mondrian in Paris in 1923, and after 1925 he was for some years close to the artist, helping him edit his writings in French. In his biographical study, Seuphor is unreserved about Mondrian's contribution and historic stature: "He was *himself* to shape his time—which would become his time. The century would be his century. It would be his lot to bring forth the totally new art: he, the slowest of them all. The real advance was to come from the least careerist of painters; the revolutionary truth was to be revealed by the most peaceful of men . . . It is possible that in future centuries no one will be able to speak of our century without evoking Mondrian, just as one cannot say 'trecento' without thinking of Giotto, or 'prehistory' without thinking of flint."

Seuphor sketches Mondrian's early life in Holland, his Calvinist environment, influences, education, philosophic growth and beginnings as an artist; his first stay in Paris from 1912 to 1914, his return to Holland during the First World War, transitions toward his mature expression; his second period in Paris from 1918 to 1938, his stay in London, 1938 to 1940, and his life in New York from 1940 until his death, February 1, 1944.

Seuphor modestly declares in his introduction that his book is not intended to be definitive, "even less . . . an exhaustive critical study of neoplasticism." This should be underscored, as there will be many voices in agreement. There will be much resentment as well, for Seuphor has deliberately omitted many relationships, thereby emphasizing others, including his own. And out of place, it seems to me, is the unnecessarily negative treatment of Theo van Doesburg who, as editor of *De Stijl,* was an important figure in Mondrian's career.

Nevertheless, Seuphor should be given credit for his devotion to the arduous, significant task of attempting to reconstruct an image of Mondrian's life in four different countries. He has made every effort to convey Mondrian's intensity, independence, and integrity. But biography is also a kind of fiction, and Seuphor has given substance to the legends and myths. Mondrian seems to have been a legend even to many who knew him.

Mondrian's work is perhaps the most difficult of any to reproduce in color, and by and large the publishers have done well. There is an index of names, a classified catalogue, a list of 593 works, a bibliography. The errors in the catalogue should be corrected in the next edition.



—From "Piet Mondrian."

Mondrian's "Composition D with Red, Yellow and Blue"—". . . revolutionary truth."

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Nipponese Abodes

"Architectural Beauty in Japan," by Kokusai Bunka Shinkokai *(Studio. 162 pp. 133 illus. $15), is a study of twelve centuries of Japanese building and landscaping. It is reviewed by Martin James of Brooklyn College's art department.*

By Martin James

A WIDE-SCREEN view of Japanese building and landscaping across twelve centuries is offered through the beautifully composed, dramatically printed photographs of a foot-square volume called "Architectural Beauty in Japan." By means of them, one wanders through shrine and temple compounds, imperial palaces and villas, tea-ceremony pavilions, and the metamorphic abstract gardens of Zen Buddhist monasteries, tasting the unbelievable variety of textures and subtle proportions with which the Japanese designer plays—if one may so speak of an art with such religious and transcendental connotations.

The story begins with the heavy-roofed house on massive stilts, in which are kept the sacred symbols of Shintoism at the Ise shrine. It has come down to us "as through the process in living things" by duplicate structures built every twenty years since the seventh century. Monumentalizing timber as the Pyramids do masonry, the archaic Ise buildings already have the spatial frame of emphatically meeting or crossing members. Carpentry is of virtuoso accuracy, though deceptively simple in appearance. Shinto, the underlying peasant and artisan religion of Japan, has been called "the nurse of arts." The craftsman handled his materials with respect for the spirits dwelling within—they must escape at leisure (by what we call seasoning), or will writhe loose and warp the beam.

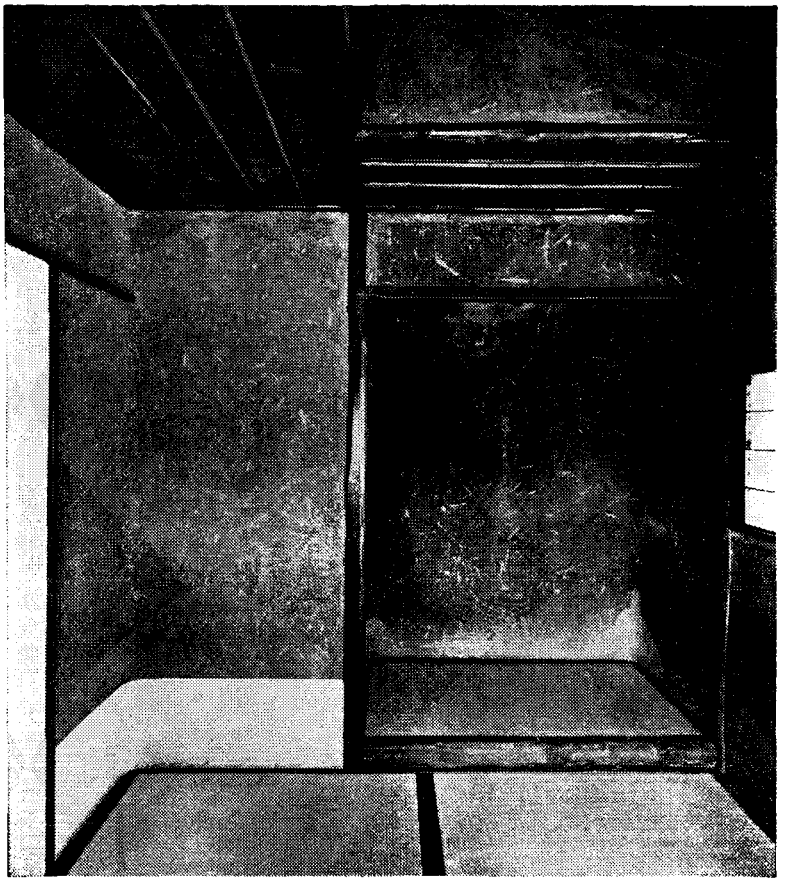
The broad low rectangular courts of the Imperial Palace at Kyoto are another gauge of Japanese taste and tradition. Destroyed in a medieval war, they were studied by scholars and reconstructed in the eighteenth century, and again rebuilt after a fire in mid-nineteenth. Thanks to the movable wall, the Emperor could look out over a quadrangular "house-scape" of rhythmically related squares or rectangles of white plaster or voids, all determined by the structural timbers of the facades, and set off by the raked sand below.

This book abounds in views looking out and views looking in. Villas are built from which to admire ponds, into which they in turn reflect their ever varied roof-curves, their "moon-viewing" balconies, their multiplied brackets. An age of pensive mysticism took to the mountain solitudes, merged the warrior with the priest, the priest with the artist, and developed a manner of architecture described as "reticent quietude." The pavilion for the tea-ceremony offers a preciously adjusted, furnitureless space with a niche for the carefully lighted art object.

One-third of the photographs show the work of twentieth-century architects who fought out of the nineteenth-century jungle. Westernization brought an architecture of stone masses, alien forms unsuited to Japanese feeling, climate, and mode of life. No easier than for us was the reconciling of new techniques with the broad stream of tradition. With the generation born in the Nineties, Japanese designers began to draw poetry out of rolled steel sections and concrete panels. Again the spatial frame, greenery, and water are used with distinction. Junzo Sakakura poises his handsome Museum of Modern Art at Kamakura on slender steel stilts which pass through rocks into a pool below. Sutemi Horiguchi has designed houses and gardens deeply Japanese. Moving, and, I think, prophetic, is the Faculty Retreat designed by the American sculptor Isamu Noguchi with the architect Yoshiro Taniguchi. A clean, asymmetrical space of rough-cast concrete, low platforms, a highly original free-standing fireplace, and a prehistoric figurine in the background give a sense of fresh immediacy with one of timeless ancestor worship.

In Japan, too, the exotic lure of technology must be coped with, not by novelty for its own (and profit's) sake, but by reinterpreting basic tradition. However, such is "progress" that (as Ryuichi Hamaguchi, one of the authors of this book, once said to me) only Western recognition can carry enough weight to set things in perspective. The Society for International Cultural Relations, sponsors of this book, help not only to spread Japanese values abroad, but to reflect their purified image back to Japan.

For deeper insight one might read alongside this fine album the less luxurious but picture- and data-packed "Architecture in Japan," by Arthur Drexler, "Chrysanthemum and the Sword," by Ruth Benedict, and "Anthology of Japanese Literature," edited by Donald Keene.



—*From "Architectural Beauty in Japan."*

Japanese tearoom alcove ". . . reticent quietude."

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Makers of History

Continued from page 23

truth'." On that note he ends an absorbing biography of a fascinating man.

Hungarian Enigma

"Memoirs of Michael Karolyi," *(translated by Catherine Karolyi. Dutton. 392 pp. $6.50), offers the recollections and public philosophy of Hungary's first President. Our reviewer, Emil Lengyel, is author of "The Danube" and "Americans from Hungary."*

By Emil Lengyel

COUNT MICHAEL KAROLYI has been one of this century's most controversial statesmen. After World War I he was briefly President of the only truly democratic regime Hungary has ever known. When the Communists made their successful bid for power at that time he and his family went into exile. As one light after another was extinguished in Europe in the wake of fascism the Karolyis, because they were known as "radicals," had to wander from place to place, at long last finding sanctuary in the Britain of World War II. After the war Karolyi became Hungary's ambassador in Paris but resigned that post when Communist terror struck in Budapest. His recently published "Memoirs" offers the story of their peregrinations, his recollections of many notable persons of his age, and a summary of his public philosophy.

In their exile Count and Countess Karolyi became Socialists and he remained one to his death a short time ago. The much-debated "Karolyi enigma" has revolved around the paradox of an extraordinarily privileged aristocrat identifying himself with the underprivileged.

Many attempts have been made to explain this strange phenomenon. The Freudian "compensation" was the one most often heard. Yet it did not explain the stand of a man who seemed to have every advantage on his side. Both he and his radiantly fetching wife belonged to the top aristocracy of their native land, to families with historic names. According to his own glowing testimony in this book, their married life could not have been better. Both of them were intellectual aristocrats, too, and he had been one of Hungary's richest heirs.

If psychological compensation was the motive, it must have been Karolyi's awareness of the injustice to which Hungary's people had been subjected at the hands of their own ruling lords.

Karolyi relates in this book that, in his view, the traumatic experience of World War II was to bring about a change of heart in the Danube valley. The curse of the region had been its suicidal fragmentation on the peripheries of Leviathan nations, especially the aggressive Russians and Germans. He favored an East European Federation, neither West nor anti-Soviet—a buffer region within which the tearing conflicts of the contemporary world could be reconciled. Karolyi saw the Soviets as especially concerned about this area, which had been used by the Germans twice within one generation to launch attacks against them. In his view Marshal Tito had found the right solution.

However, Karolyi was brought up short by Hungary's little Stalins when they staged their ghastly Moscow-type trial against Laszlo Rajk, the Foreign Minister and a national Communist. Rajk was accused of conspiring with Tito. This, Karolyi said, was a lie and he declared his readiness to testify on behalf of the accused. His words went unheeded. Rajk was condemned and hanged. Karolyi turned away from Hungary's rulers in disgust.

Karolyi's own public philosophy is rooted in his past. He was deeply aroused by the social injustice in his native land, where feudalism continued rampant longer than anywhere else in Europe. It was in reaction to this that he turned to socialism and dreamed of extending the fancied benefits of collectivism to the rest of Europe.

In his peregrinations Karolyi thought he saw two main types of greatness. One was the heroism of those who dared to be true to their consciences, the "categorical imperative," the inner call. He encountered another, special type of greatness, in Britain, about which he wrote with unbounded admiration. Britain he found a nation with courage not only in war but also in peace.

This is an absorbing book, invaluable for its thorough analysis of the history of Danubian Europe in our tragic century.

Pick of the Paperbacks

THE SHOCK OF RECOGNITION. *Edited by Edmund Wilson. Universal Library. 2 vols. $1.45 each.* A collection of "literary documents" by Poe, Emerson, Henry Adams, H. L. Mencken, etc., designed to illustrate the development of literature in the United States. Covers the period from the mid-nineteenth century to the 1920s.

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Tu or *Vous?*

Continued from page 24

little desire to turn back. His contact with the white man has produced hurt and heartbreak, but it has also produced a desire to accept and be accepted. The only cities he knows are the cities of the white man. His grievance is not that he has left the village but that he has not yet been made welcome in the civilization which uses him without quite finding a place for him. He is willing to detach himself from his past, willing to adapt, willing to contribute. But he would like to put down roots for himself and his family. And he regrets the well-intentioned arguments of those white people who believe they are advancing his best interest when they urge that he be "allowed" to return to the bush or the village in order to resume the ways of his ancestors. They want to stand their ground. Hence the battle for respect as part of a new way of life from which they feel there is no turning.

MONSIEUR GOURA was the proof of the desire of the African to make a total but normal commitment to tomorrow rather than yesterday. His formal education was limited to grade school; but with these basic tools he went to work for himself in the universe of knowledge. His natural leadership talents became apparent and he won acceptance for many of his ideas. His progress was rapid and now he was on his way to take his seat in the French Senate.

"Great gains have occurred and more are coming in the relationship of the French Government to the African peoples. Late though some of these changes are, they are far ahead of what has been done in most of the rest of Africa. Full citizenship means much to the Africans. We intend to justify it and make the most of it.

"But even the best laws do not change people overnight. You will still find white people who become infuriated when they hear another white man use *vous* to a black or refer to him as Monsieur. Recently I tried to buy a tractor for my farm. But the dealer refused to sell. He would rather deprive himself of a sale than enter into a transaction which indicated that the black had status.

"This sort of thing hurts. It denies respect in a way that makes it difficult to carry out the ideas I have about a real partnership in Africa. But I shall continue to try. For some day soon even the most obstinate people will discover that they lose nothing if they make a gesture of respect. They may even feel better." —N. C.

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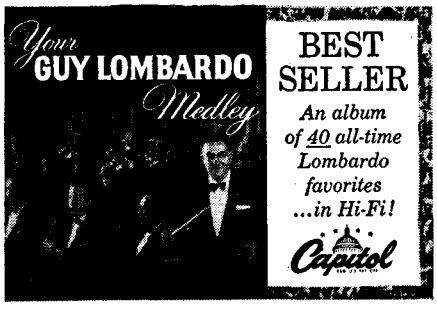

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Fiction

Continued from page 18

areas which are strange both to him and Mr. Murray. The author's treatment of the distaff side (in this instance a wild-eyed post-deb) is still his weakest point, and some of his slapstick interludes misfire because they are too far removed from the truth. But Mr. Murray's skill at combining the pungent phrase with an interesting narrative makes "Best Seller" a generally entertaining commentary on one man's struggle to stay out of intellectual lockstep.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

CHESAPEAKE BAY BOYHOOD: Gilbert Byron's **"The Lord's Oysters"** (Little, Brown, $4.50) is literally a wonderful book. The wonder is that of a boy, Noah Marlin, growing up along the Chester River near Chesapeake Bay twenty-odd years ago. Inevitably there is something of Twain and Tarkington in his pranks, hooky-playing, and fishing. But other qualities, distinctly Gilbert Byron's, make the novel more than a nostalgic re-creation of an American childhood. The disciplined simplicity of the writing creates a poetic tone at once uncannily childlike and mature. Idyllic episodes are so juxtaposed with the cruelties of young boys that one feels the author to be the complete observer. This isn't childhood we're reading about, it's life.

Noah's father, George, is a Thoreauesque riverman with a hands-off attitude toward the confinement of steady employment. Oysters and crabs are what he knows and loves best, but the river is an unreliable provider and pickings are habitually slim in the Marlin home. Although Noah's mother keeps nudging her man with talk of openings in the basket factory, you feel that she wouldn't want her free-wheeling husband to be any other way. Noah, needless to say, agrees.

In all, this is a story that delights and moves. But let's not forget the humor. It's humane, hearty, and ever-present.

—GERALD WALKER.

HUNGARY UNDER THE REDS: Because of recent events in Hungary and because of her earlier book, "I Am Fifteen—And I Don't Want to Die," one approaches Christine Arnothy's first novel **"God Is Late"** (translated by Anne Green; Dutton, $3.50), with particular anticipation. Her theme is the depiction of life in Hungary several years after the country was sovietized.

The major actors are Janos Tasnady, composer and director of a Budapest opera company; his wife, Gaby; his mother; and Imré Torzs, Communist commissar. Ironically enough, it is only the last—fanatic, austere, objectively brutal—who emerges with any personal integrity. The others, for reasons rooted in fear, in opportunism, and expediency are creatures lacking in principles or honor. Gaby, young, beautiful, lazy, becomes the mistress of the commissar, under unspoken threat, to be sure, but with an easy compliance which, under German domination, made her contemplate an affair with a Hungarian Nazi. Without decency or dignity, the husband and mother-in-law accept the situation and its material rewards.

Through the sordid story of Gaby's sister, Anna, who lives in the country, Miss Arnothy highlights the degenerative effects of Communism in rural Hungary. Here, as in Budapest, fear and expediency fashion the outlines of existence. And here, as in Budapest, one misses a note of active rebellion.

In writing this novel, Miss Arnothy took on a highly ambitious assignment that technically is still beyond her professional abilities. One senses that she was overwhelmed with her wealth of material and uncertain what to keep and what to discard. The result makes "God Is Late" a very uneven book both in content and treatment. It has passages and pages that are awkward, stilted, and structurally disjointed but, it should be added, it also has passages and pages that flash with an almost Chekovian perception and illumination of character. It is the latter which hold promise for the future work of this writer.

—ROSE C. FELD.

DULY NOTED: "Bedlam," by André Soubiran (translated by Oliver Coburn; Putnam, $3.95), features the reflections of an ex-advertising man committed to a French prison hospital for the deranged. Though his mental equlibrium is endangered by some twenty-nine assortedly abnormal cronies, his wife's visits buoy his hopes of eventual release. Dr. Soubiran's narrative style is pretty flat, but like his earlier novel "The Healing Oath" it is packed with out-of-the-way information.

"The Tall Captains," by Bart Spicer (Dodd, Mead, $4.95), is a massive romantic novel that centers on the violent struggle between the French and English in eighteenth-century Canada. Most of the action is shouldered by Duncan Crosbie, a huge Scot whose hatred for the English leads him to fight alongside General Montcalm at Quebec. Although burdened by period detail, the novel is kept afloat by its entertainment values.

—S. P. MANSTEN.

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Writers and Writing

Continued from page 22

larity as a novelist and literary figure in order to tell the truth to his genteel readers.

The second half of Howells's life is indeed a heroic and unique episode in our national letters in which this cautious, uncertain, and very often anguished artist—this urbane man of affairs—became almost a solitary rebel, a bold dissenter, a radical critic of American society. Mr. Cady does not quite get at the emotional springs of Howells's long drive for literary success and his dramatic renunciation of it. But this biography is intelligent and solid; and the next volume should be even more interesting.

THE UNIQUE MISS ROBERTS: Harry Modean Campbell and Ruel E. Foster, who five years ago collaborated in an effective literary appraisal of William Faulkner, now turn their attention to another modern in **"Elizabeth Madox Roberts: American Novelist"** (University of Oklahoma Press, $3.75). Their more detailed admiration of Miss Roberts's achievement is seconded by J. Donald Adams, who in a foreword to the volume finds Miss Roberts's "The Time of Man" one of those books, he says, like "Moby Dick" and "The Scarlet Letter" which stand alone, resembling nothing else in American literature. Messrs. Campbell and Foster present a more reasoned, perceptive examination of the novelist's life and writings, discovering in her best work a symbolic expression of the primacy of the human spirit unequaled in her generation. Theirs is high praise, but their demonstration is seasoned with quotations and explications which will tempt most readers to turn to Miss Roberts herself. This is certainly a good thing. Her sensitivity to people and to place, her style which so often seems the perfect blending of word to mood or perception, and her proud certainty that spirit could prevail beyond cant or creed, make her a person not to be forgotten. For people who need reasons, Messrs. Campbell and Foster have provided compelling ones. —LEWIS LEARY.

HENRY JAMES'S CONCERN WITH ART and architecture is observed by almost every reader and has been pointed to by a number of critics, but Edwin T. Bowden in his small book on **"The Themes of Henry James"** (Yale University Press, $3), which he explains in subtitle as "A System of Orientation through the Visual Arts," now demonstrates how intimately this concern is related to the intricate, essential meaning of James's fiction, how "a basic esthetic taste . . . draws the man, the critic, and the novelist into one unified being." "Not only does he constantly echo his intimate knowledge of the visual arts in the novels," writes Mr. Bowden, "but he also makes extensive use of the arts to define and illustrate the themes of his novels." As James himself put it, "The forms are different . . . but the field is the same—the immense field of contemporary life observed for an artistic purpose." Mr. Bowden finds James's references to the arts "seldom restricted in function to the simple establishment of scene and local color, or even to the strict definition of a theme," but, as imagery or symbolism, "an integral part of the greater structure and meaning of the novel." By examining a few of James's works, he demonstrates the intricately subtle uses to which the novelist put his own discriminating understanding of art. His comments on "The Portrait of a Lady" and "The Golden Bowl" are especially good.

Among the most charming attributes of Mr. Bowden's book is a simple concreteness of its own, in basing what it has to say on direct examination of what James said or suggested, in saying itself what it set out to say, and then in stopping. People who admire Henry James more than they admire other people's ideas about him will like Mr. Bowden for this. —L. L.

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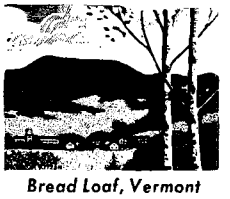

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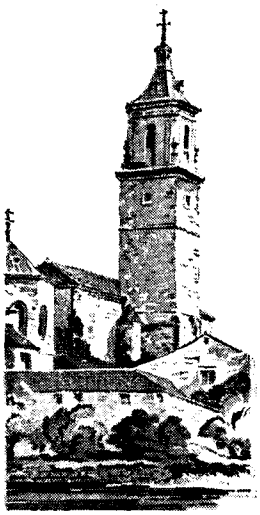

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ASCAP vs. BMI

Continued from page 15

own the radio stations and the television stations and since the two big networks also own the two biggest recording companies, their interlocking strength is obvious. Add to this the fact that they are now in the music business, that they now publish their own songs, own their own copyrights, and it is clear how much at their mercy the average songwriter is. If he is an employe of BMI his songs will be "plugged"—the trade term for exploitation. If he is a member of ASCAP or some other association he has every reason to feel out in the cold.

The evidence of how much the broadcasters abuse these interlocking powers may be disputable, but it must be remembered that if there were no evidence whatever of abuse, there is overwhelming evidence of a concentration of power that *could* be abused. Songwriters have no objection to the existence of BMI or any other copyright pool. The danger lies in the ownership of BMI, in the fact that these copyrights are in the hands of the people who control all the outlets for exploiting music.

The broadcasters' chief defense has been publication of figures which purport to prove that between 70 and 80 per cent of the music played on the air is not BMI. I will not undertake at this time to dispute these figures. The standard and popular musical literature of this country lies in the public domain and in many of the works of ASCAP. Naturally, these must be played. If they weren't the viewers and listeners would curtail a good deal of their viewing and listening.

But other figures have been published by BMI claiming in a boastful spirit that they have had in one week seven or eight BMI numbers out of "the first ten," and in another month six out of the first ten, and even nine out of the first ten. This is the significant thing. The *new* songs that have to be exploited, introduced by records, and played by disc jockeys—this is the department in which BMI predominates because it makes the records and controls the channels through which they are played!

A group of songwriters has started a suit against the broadcasters, demanding $150,000,000 damages and the divestiture of ownership of BMI from the broadcasters. The prosecution of this suit we must leave to the lawyers and the decision to the judges. There was, nevertheless, some interesting evidence brought forth by the

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Congressional investigation a few weeks ago. One witness testified that BMI sends "music memos" to every station in the country describing current phonograph records sent by BMI for plugging. He quoted a sentence from Volume 1 which goes as follows:

> This is a BMI number—meaning it is your own music. (Be careful of the other side of this disc, it is NOT a BMI tune!)

There was another instance of a contract between BMI and a publisher. This publisher also owned some firms that were in ASCAP. A clause in this contract provided that the publisher's ASCAP firms would not exploit any ASCAP music!

The songwriter who is not an employe of BMI has very legitimate fears. He feels at the mercy of a chain of interests which not only creates competition for him, but has the means of favoring that competition for its own profit and increase of power.

I would like to suggest that the songwriters are not the only ones who should be afraid. The public has a right to hear the best music, not what the communications directors decide. The situation is an unhealthy one. I am surprised that the broadcasters themselves do not show more initiative toward seeking a remedy for this situation. Obviously the remedy is to voluntarily rid themselves of BMI, get out of the music publishing business and, with clean hands, confine themselves to their function of broadcasting and telecasting. If they do not do this, the combination of their present assets may well turn into a fearful liability.

I must add that I regard the men who have been guiding our networks as men of exceptional talent and energy. By and large they have done a remarkable job in developing first radio and then television entertainment. Impairing the freedom of musical creation and erecting a structure for unfair competition is a black mark. I would like to see them erase it voluntarily.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Next week* SR *will publish a reply to Mr. Hammerstein by Carl Haverlin, president of Broadcast Music, Inc.*

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This is Antonis Pavolopoulos, age 4. At an hour when other children are sleeping, he sells almonds at an outdoor cafe every day till midnight. Thus he struggles to support himself. His ill parents cannot even provide him with his most basic need—his daily food. Two older children cannot find work, for this area in Greece is economically depressed. Like Antonis the younger children sell almonds to keep from starving. "Home" is one room with no ceiling. "Bed" is a bundle of old rags on the cement floor. Antonis begged his parents for permission to work. He cried till his father made a wooden basket for him. He tries to wrap the almonds himself in the little paper cones, but his tiny hands are too small. Only the parents' anguish of misery and poverty forced them to permit Antonis to work. Heartsick and weary, they look with despair on Antonis and their other children who go to bed at night only with hunger and distress. Won't you help a distressed child like Antonis and his family—for your help today means hope for tomorrow.

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Why Angels

Continued from page 14

over the producer in any of his creative efforts to put on the play.

What if the play never recovers its original investment? During the life of the play, the producer gets his percentage, the actors get paid, the writer gets his royalty. In some cases, this system, as it pertains to a play that might not be a hit, could prove financially beneficial to all these parties, since the original investment can often be more than enough to keep the production alive longer than if it were presented in the routine commercial way. If the producer desires he can use funds earmarked for him in the foundation to keep the play going. These are funds which would have been returned to some previous investors in a commercial production and on which the investors would have already paid a large share in taxes.

Where does this leave us angels, especially the great majority in America that invests between $500 to $1,000 in plays?

We would derive no profits—financially, that is—from our investment. (Actually, as any income-tax expert can tell you, there can be some real disadvantages to making money on plays and some real advantages in losing money or simply donating it to a not-for-profit corporation, especially if you are in the higher income-tax brackets.) Certainly the hard-boiled investors, notably those who got rich in the earlier days when it was still possible to get rich on theatrical investments, will scoff.

But for many of us, I believe, the system I advocate will mean great satisfaction and genuine gratification.

We will be more vital to the theatre in whose activity we find such vicarious joy.

We will have the identification we seek and rarely get now.

We will help to stimulate real fervor and fresh enthusiasm in the theatre.

This new kind of angelhood will find us investing our money not merely into this play or that play. We will be making an investment in theatre, the American Theatre. The "kick" of the gamble will yield to the kick of a strong, and greatly-needed, contribution to the vitality of an artistic medium which we have fervent affection for and which obviously fills certain emotional needs in all of us.

And, who knows, we angels might even get to meet a few actors and directors, be invited to opening nights, get our names on the program, and buy extra seats without paying scalpers' prices!

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION
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CONTENTS

THE NEW GERMAN MUSIC
By Irving Kolodin 41

BRAILOWSKY: ON AND OFF THE RECORD
By Abram Chasins 44

A TOSCANINI RETROSPECT 45

"DUTCHMAN" FROM BAYREUTH
By Robert Lawrence 46

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By the Editor 48

POULENC'S "DIALOGUES" AT LA SCALA
By Allan Hughes 54

THE OTHER SIDE
By Thomas Heinitz 56

THE AMEN CORNER
By Wilder Hobson 58

MONTEVERDI'S "ORFEO" REVIVED
By Michael Steinberg 60

WHAT A FLAME SHE HAD IN HER GLANCE!
By Marie Chay 62

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR 65

Hugo Distler.

THE NEW GERMAN MUSIC

An Old Tradition Reviving

By IRVING KOLODIN

EVEN though their country is presently divided into two parts, the Germans are traditionally celebrated as people who don't do things by halves. The latest indication is the appearance of a boxed collection of six long playing records, complete with scores and relevant documentation, which, under the general title of "Musica Nova," will eventually embrace nineteen works by fifteen composers. The contents have been selected by the "Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft and the German section of the International Music Council," says Hans Mersmann in his introduction, "under the auspices of UNESCO."

Eventually, we are informed, the records will be available in shops through the Deutsche Grammophon's American affiliate, which is Decca. Libraries and other institutions can order the sets directly from Germany. A source point for audition, we are informed, would be the German consulates in various American cities. One set has been made available in the record archives of each consulate office, for loan to colleges, conservatories, or other responsible agents. This participation by the German government is the limit of its subsidy of the venture, which was organized and carried out by Deutsche Grammophon with the assistance of the German section of the International Music Council, as noted above.

The factors involved are, of course, much more complex than appears on the surface. The recording and distribution of elaborate contemporary works is almost invariably non-commercial, meaning that it is excluded from the normal program of companies organized for profit and responsible to stockholders at the year's end. Nevertheless, a considerable body of such music has come into existence, rather haphazardly. The Arts Council, in Britain, has underwritten a few projects; London Records, through its activities on the Continent and in Scandinavia, has processed a surprising number of recordings (local in origin) for international distribution; Columbia in this country has a program, and RCA—which, in an isolated instance, has ventured so costly an enterprise as a complete recording of Menotti's "The Saint of Bleecker Street"—is at work on a plan of its own.

None of these represents such a systematic procedure as Deutsche Grammophon has undertaken, for no country's problem is quite the same as the German one. We have begun to hear in this country of such men as Orff, Egk, and Blacher, who are already in the fifty-to-sixty age group. They have, however, been separated from us by more than a war and its aftermath. Virtually no new German music was heard abroad after 1933, for the then-celebrated Hindemith, Krenek, Toch, Schoenberg, et al. either left or were ejected when the Nazis took power. The regime itself was anti-experimental where the arts were concerned, tending to suppress still further the emergence of consequential new talent.

IN A real sense then, there is a gap of nearly a quarter of a century in the panorama of German music stretching back for so many centuries. How many musicians in this country know even the name of Johann Nepomuk David, a musician of sixty-one who became director of the Leipzig Conservatory in 1939, has written twelve books of organ music, quantities of chamber music and other orchestral music besides the concerto for violin and orchestra (Op. 45) dating from 1952 which is included

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in the first "Musica Nova" issue?

The work and its presentation are typical of the thought that has gone into the issue. Designed for an unusual instrumental ensemble—the orchestral strings are limited to violas, cello and doublebass, with five solo woodwinds, harp, and lightly scored percussion—it poses unusual problems in execution, as everything is exposed. These have been uncommonly well solved in a performance by the Munich Philharmonic, with a concatenation of Davids participating: Thomas Christian David is the conductor, and Lukas David, to whom the work is dedicated, is the excellent soloist. Supplementing the comprehensive commentary of Hermann Erpf is a miniature score produced by Breitkopf and Härtel (no longer bearing the familiar imprint "Leipzig," for the firm is now located in Wiesbaden).

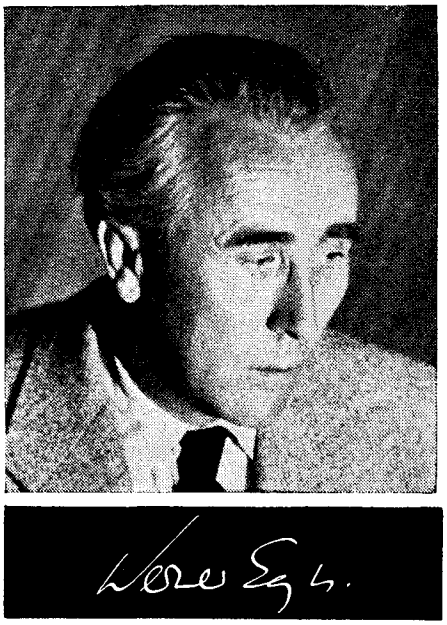
A thoughtful work, the David violin concerto is not likely to enchant performers interested in easy access to audience favor. But it is music of mood and substance which deserves a day in the court of public opinion. That day is likely to come sooner as a result of this recording than if it had to make its way through the printed page alone.

ALSO of substantial background and accomplishments are Philipp Jarnach (now sixty-four) and Karl Amadeus Hartmann (aged fifty-two). Jarnach is an odd example of international influences, for he was born near Paris of Catalan-Flemish-French parentage, became identified with German musical life in the Twenties, and has been a citizen since 1931. A critic and professor of composition as well as a composer, Jarnach became director of the Hamburg Conservatory in 1949. A longtime friend of the late Arnold Schönberg (though not a disciple of the twelve-tone method), Jarnach wrote his quartet "Music in memory of the lonely ones" in 1952, after Schönberg's death. He states, however, that it has no "programmatic tendencies" and the title is "merely a kind of dedication, a homage in memory of great artists who were my friends." As performed by the Hamann Quartet, it leaves no doubt that Jarnach is the master of a spontaneous musical expression who can spin a musical line indefinitely. It leaves a strong impression that it is a work that will be heard again.

Quite a different kind of aesthetic emerges from the Hartmann symphony of 1953, his sixth. A native of Munich, where he still lives, Hartmann was just coming to artistic maturity when the war began. According to the commentary by K. H. Ruppel, his settings of poems by Walt Whitman published in 1940 "express the deep sorrow of the composer about the times in which only the jubilation of victory was permitted. It is clear that a music imbued with such deep humanity was bound to be thought of as 'undesirable'." A work of two movements, the lengthy adagio introduction is full of challenging ideas embodied in an orchestral coloration quite his own. The presto is somewhat more conventional "dynamism," set forth in three fugues and a coda, grouped under the heading of "Toccata variata." Reference to the B. H. Schott's Söhne score included is clear testimony to the definition and understanding of the performance by the RIAS (Berlin) Symphony with Ferenc Fricsay conducting. Hartmann has the capacity to make a large orchestra (such as he uses here) sound transparent and uncluttered, always the sign of a composer with sound judgment, who is not tempted to use four horns and three trombones just because he has them.

The two youngest composers represented in this compilation, Hugo Distler and Kurt Hessenberg, were both born in 1908. I know nothing of other works by the late Distler, but these settings of twenty-odd poems of Mörike (extracted from a "Mörike-Chorliederbuch" totaling forty) are full of fantasy, musical imagination and a remarkable avoidance of the cliches of "modernism." We come constantly on reminders of Hugo Wolf's fondness for Mörike in such titles as "Er ist's," "Feuerreiter," "Das verlassene Mägdelein," and "Um Mitternacht," but Distler's reversion to the classic vocal style of Schütz is in another world than Wolf's romanticism. There is no occasion here to deal with the contrapuntal artifices employed, his use of such patterns as the madrigal and villanella, but this one collection (dating from 1939) gives Distler an enduring place in *a cappella* composition. In addition, one rarely hears such pure, precisely adjusted vocalism as Gottfried Wolters obtains from the Norddeutsche Singkreis of Hamburg, whether the full mixed choir is utilized, or the separate male and female components. It is a mournful commentary on human affairs that a man capable of such art as Distler committed suicide during the war (November 1942) while living in Berlin.

The equally unfamiliar name of Hessenberg means, for the moment, the composer of a lively, highly playable string trio, artfully performed by the Kehr Trio, for whom it was written. Hessenberg, who has spent most of his life in Frankfurt, states



Egk—"high degree of professionalism."

bluntly: "As in all the music I have hitherto written, I stick to tonality." He adds that he was tempted to call this five-movement sequence either "Serenade" or "Divertimento," but that neither title seemed to him wholly suitable. At the same time, they convey something of the extrovert, essentially "musical" character of the work. Considering the problems of writing for three string instruments, Hessenberg's results testify to his possession of that prizeable thing among composers—an ear for "new" sounds and combinations within a non-eccentric vocabulary.

IF THE works of Egk and Blacher have been left to the last, it is by no means because of lack of quality or limited interest. Quite the contrary, it is a tribute to the vitality in both men that has given them prominence on the international musical scene prior to such organized efforts as this one. Actually, Egk's "Französiche Suite" sounds like an old friend in this company (as played by the RIAS Orchestra under Fricsay's direction), for it has been heard in New York earlier this winter under the direction of Leopold Stokowski. Blacher's second piano concerto (1953) hasn't enjoyed that prominence, but the system of "variable meter" according to which it is constructed is also utilized in the orchestral "Ornaments" which the Philharmonic-Symphony performed under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos in 1953.

Nevertheless, there is much to be learned about the nature of Egk and Blacher, not only from the pieces for which there are precedents, but from

(*Continued on page* 51)

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BRAILOWSKY: *On, and Off, the Record*

By ABRAM CHASINS

FOR years I have wondered about Alexander Brailowsky's durable career. Evidently I am not alone, for rarely have I heard or heard about professional arguments concerning the relation between an artist's qualities and his worldly recognition that have not provoked the question: "What about Brailowsky?" Whereupon the discussion was promptly stymied.

I know Brailowsky's playing chiefly from his numerous recordings—recordings that have puzzled me as often as they have kept me from his concerts. I also admit that I have been no less puzzled by the caliber and extent of his engagements and recording assignments, by the superlative reviews he has won from eminent critics, by the large public he has attracted, and especially by the sheer longevity of his professional life.

Having long maintained that individually the public may be ingenuous but that collectively and eventually it is the voice of truth, I sensed that Brailowsky must have qualities that I never had the wit or luck to discover. So I marked time, pending the opportunity for an adequate reappraisal. Now I can speak. Now I think I know what's what, for within the week I heard Mr. Brailowsky's latest recordings and attended his Carnegie Hall recital, his first there in three years.

The first thing I learned is that Brailowksky on records is not Brailowsky on the platform. Although I cannot rave about either, certain qualities emerged in the hall that are far less apparent on any of the recordings I have heard. The next thing I realized was how much this man's personality contributes to his public appeal—how much of his personal sweetness comes through. Finally, it became evident that the processes of recording and reproduction are especially unkind to Brailowsky's particular pianistic characteristics.

His latest recording is a two-disc LP Victor album containing the fifteen Liszt Hungarian Rhapsodies published in most editions (LM 6038; $7.96). Actually, there are nineteen in all, but the omission of the last four, with the possible exception of the last, is no great loss. It is a formidable project, for within the fifteen that Brailowsky recorded Liszt covered the full range of piano possibilities, sonorities, and effects. Musically, they are characterized by Magyar abandon in a rich variety of moods and rhythms. Sadness and joyousness, quiet meditation and flamboyant heroism follow one upon the other, crowded with sudden accentual changes and dazzling ornamentation. Unless a superb musicianship and absolute technical mastery are brought to their interpretation they can sound awfully cheap, awfully maudlin, and awfully brash. Few if any works demand more imagination, subtlety, and devil-may-care virtuosity.

On or off discs, these attributes are not Brailowsky's strong points. His playing at its best is solid and methodical rather than brilliant, flexible rather than polished, and plaintively songful rather than declamatory. And these qualities emerge only sporadically in his recordings.

In the Liszt album, they are mainly present in the rhetorical introduction to the First Rhapsody, in the stately openings of the Second and Twelfth, the dignified Funeral March of the Fifth, and in the animated *friska* of the Seventh Rhapsody. Elsewhere, in all but the First and Second Rhapsodies that are easily Brailowsky's finest performances, there is always something slightly off center, and that's all it takes to upset Liszt's loose structures; something that prevents the pianist from sustaining a beginning-to-end level of excellence that usually marks the great executant. Whether it is lyricism bogged down by heaviness, as in the slow sections of the Third, Sixth, Twelfth, and Thirteenth Rhapsodies, or rhythm distorted in efforts to attain gypsy spontaneity, as in the andante of the Sixth and the lento of the Eighth, or bravura defeated as in the final pages of the Sixth and of the last four especially—something almost surely arises to thwart Brailowsky's communication.

So I marched off to Carnegie to hear Mr. Brailowsky's recital. The artist made an ingratiating entrance. I had forgotten the extent of his youthful charm and earnestness, the very real contact he makes with his public. His modest, half-apologetic manner is very winning. He looks wiry but fragile, and he aims desperately to please.

First he played Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue. Not exactly, for he used an edition famous for its violation of every determinable fact concerning Baroque style, including the erroneous answer to the fugue subject. It mattered not at all to Brailowsky or to his audience. What he played, he played well. Only his pedaling was excessive. On a record it would have been fatal. In the hall it was largely absorbed by space. Later he played the Schumann Fantasy. The first movement was straightforward, although more aggressive than passionate. The second had a somewhat crude drive. Again I mused that this kind of vigor would sound percussive on a disc. From the stage it sounded well-projected and big in style.

—RCA Victor.

Brailowsky—"an object of admiration."

AT THIS point of the recital an incident furnished a clue to the musical sophistication of Brailowsky's audience. It is not too uncommon for audiences to applaud the effective "Molto energico." Most pianists put up a restraining hand that permits them to continue without interruption to the seraphic finale. Brailowsky chose to acknowledge the frantic applause. He rose and bowed, twice. His audience then assumed that the piece was

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over and listened to Schumann's concluding and tender Dolce in the belief that the next listed work was being played. That work, placed just before intermission, was the Prokofiev Third Sonata with its clangorous opening. When the Schumann ended the audience rose, almost to a man, and poured out into the foyers.

Now that I think about it, perhaps I may have been unduly critical of that audience for I cannot honestly say that in Brailowsky's hands I had too easy a time recognizing the Prokofiev either. A concluding Chopin group found Brailowsky on home ground, far more relaxed and convincing. Although he picked and poked and slapped the notes, I was agreeably surprised to hear many beautiful sounds in a thoroughly sustained legato. I closed my eyes and realized that the cantabile was sustained through pedaling, a pedaling that would inevitably produce harmonic confusion and melodic blurring on any record. In Carnegie it came out clearly, and yielded some lovely moments.

The moments occurred chiefly throughout a Chopin Impromptu, Nocturne, and Waltz. In the more challenging G minor Ballade and A flat Polonaise Brailowsky sounded like a hardworking journeyman. One could hear the perspiration rolling off him. The playing became punched and strained. The audience became ecstatic. I pondered.

DESPITE his battles with the keyboard, Brailowsky gets through every time. Is it not possible that some of Brailowsky's appeal derives from our kinship with one who struggles as all of us do in some way or other, and finally wins a victory over obvious difficulties? Further, Mr. Brailowsky poses no intellectual problems to himself or to his auditors. Is it not possible that some audiences are glad to hear the main outlines of a work without being involved in its subtle or profound meanings?

What I discovered without a doubt is that Mr. Brailowsky wants to play the piano more than anything else in the world. It might appear strange in a man who has so little natural ease at his work, but it accounts for a sincerity, an enthusiasm, and a kind of fierce intensity that carry genuine force and conviction. Add to that a man without pretense, who loves what he does and makes his public love it, who keeps doing it year after year in continent after continent, and you have an object of admiration.

Brailowsky may not be a pianist's pianist or a musician's musician, but he is undeniably a people's pianist. There is no question about that.

A TOSCANINI RETROSPECT

SINCE the first issue of RECORDINGS (August 30, 1947) in which Friedelind Wagner, granddaughter of the composer, reviewed a then-new album of Wagner on RCA Victor, down to the last issue (January 26, 1957), in which Irving Kolodin reviewed a Verdi collection, the name and fame of Arturo Toscanini have resounded through our pages. How the late Maestro impressed co-worker and critics, here and abroad, may be recalled in the following excerpts:

ERNEST NEWMAN, of the *London Sunday Times*, writing in the issue of April 25, 1953 on the appearance of the nine Beethoven symphonies: "Here in seven priceless records we are given in abundance everything that has gone to make him the unique figure he is—his artistic integrity, his complete selflessness in the service of the composer, his all-embracing sense of the totality of a work, which is implicit in every one of its details, the curious and grateful impression he gives us as the performance unfolds itself that we are following the natural organic course the work must have taken as it came into being in the mind of its creator, the incomparable clarity of all the details without undue dwelling on any of them for its separate sake."

NEVILLE CARDUS, of the *Manchester Guardian*, writing in the issue of March 27, 1954 on the appearance of the four Brahms symphonies: "These records which Toscanini has made with the NBC Symphony Orchestra will become historical in next to no time. They will preserve for long the essentials of Toscanini's style and method; the reproduction of tone and of vital rhythmical motion and accent almost convey to us the Maestro's living spirit. They are rather terrific records, so realistic in suggestions of orchestral attack and sonority."

SAMUEL ANTEK, a longtime member of the NBC Symphony's string section, in the issue of March 25, 1950 on the occasion of the orchestra's nationwide tour and the Maestro's eighty-third birthday: "Many people in writing of Toscanini or discussing him use the word 'perfection.' This always rather jars me, for to use this word about him seems particularly inappropriate. His music making is too lusty, too human, too seething with inner warmth to be summed up in something so chaste, pure, and technically cool as perfection. I was struck with this earthy, healthy robustness at the first contact in 1937, and it has remained a dominant characteristic ever since.

"Music with him always seems intuitive, never intellectual or musicological, a natural outpouring of emotion, as if music was the simplest but the most meaningful and heartfelt language in the world. The tempo, articulation, or phrasing that he had insisted upon with such passion five years before is now dismissed with a self-deprecatory gesture as he says: 'You know, I was so stupid then—but *now* I understand.' As if only now, in his eighties, he were approaching maturity! I often think of his remark: 'Trouble is most musicians have such big heads and little hearts—they know so much and feel so little'."

IRVING KOLODIN, in the same issue: "It is well to remember that we are discussing, as a symphonic conductor, a man whose first forty years of life were spent largely in the opera house, who spent six years (1908-1914) conducting several times a week at the Metropolitan. His repertory of 'Aida' and 'Tristan,' 'Manon' and 'Falstaff,' 'L'Amore de Tre Re,' 'Orfeo,' 'Armide,' 'Carmen,' 'Meistersinger,' all of Puccini, 'Götterdämmerung,' and 'Boris' (plus a full dozen others including 'Otello' and 'Euryanthe') ranged through virtually every school and every style except Mozart. It was at that remote time—thirty-five years ago—that H. T. Parker, in the *Boston Transcript*, wrote of him:

> He was thrilling to hear in his mastery of rhythm, magnificent in the advance and the breaking of the musico-dramatic climax, wondrous in the adjustment of the whole tonal mass of the orchestra and the instant it enforced or illuminated on the stage. Doing these things, his ear and the ear that listened to him rejoiced in the beauty, the vitality, the euphony, and the expressive quality of tone he drew from his band. . . . The nervous force within him he infused into the music and play, singers, band, and audience until when he was at his highest and fullest, and in the music that stirred him, it made the atmosphere of the opera house electric."

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"DUTCHMAN" FROM BAYREUTH

By ROBERT LAWRENCE

THE controversy over the merits of opera recorded in the studio as against a performance taped in the theater will surely be revived by London FFRR's new release of Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman," taken down in its entirety during a Bayreuth Festival presentation in the summer of 1955. For those who prefer their opera on the spot, there is plenty of colorful material at hand. The auxiliary brasses of the Festspielhaus sound the "Dutchman" motif at the outset of the recording, summoning the audience to its seats. One hears the buzz of conversation and the tuning of the orchestra. Then silence descends upon the hall and the overture begins. In this same vein, there is much audible moving of scenery and a good deal of resonant stomping about by Daland and the sailors. At the climax of the opera, when Senta mounts the cliff and throws herself into the sea, her voice comes from a distance, far upstage . . . a realistic arrangement geared to visual rather than auditory effect. This listener casts his vote for a studio performance of recorded opera, minus audience coughing and plus a flexibility of balance between voice and orchestra which the present album does not possess.

Completed in 1841, and first performed two years later, "The Flying Dutchman" remains a remarkable work—equivalent, perhaps, in the Wagnerian chronology to "Ernani" in the output of Verdi. Much of the mature Wagner is already there—more, in fact, than in many of the pages of his later "Lohengrin"—with stirring emphasis on the fantastic, the heroic, and the mercurial interplay of contrasting moods. There is also present the seed of that monumental boredom, achieved by driving a point into the ground, which Wagner was to cultivate so relentlessly in certain subsequent passages of the "Ring" and "Parsifal." In the uncut recording at hand, some of the repetitions of the spinning chorus and of the celebration in the final tableau become well nigh unendurable. Weighed against this drawback are the magnificent sweep of the opera's opening, with a seascape unparalleled in musical literature; a youthful, vernal melodic line which flowers especially in the song of the Steersman; and much of Senta's music, touched with a glowing lyrical spark. The most satisfying portion of the score—the Dutchman's opening aria, "Die Frist ist um"—is based, ironically enough, on the traditional scene and aria of Italian opera, a formula transplanted so tellingly by Beethoven in "Fidelio" and Weber in "Oberon." Here Wagner employs the time-honored sequence of recitative, cavatina and cabaletta with such skill as to render almost superfluous his own later theories of music drama. Art of this caliber needed no reforming.

The present recorded version of "The Flying Dutchman" is given in one act, with orchestral interludes connecting the individual scenes. This is as Wagner originally intended. It was only later that intermissions were inserted, the scenes became acts, and the interludes were transformed (by the composer himself) into curtain-raisers. The one-act version was first performed, years after the composer's death, at the Bayreuth Festival of 1901, and it must be said that the onward sweep of the music makes this edition inevitable for the serious opera-goer.

Performance quality in the discs by FFRR is quite respectable but lacking in dramatic profile; and in this lack lies a total ennui which might otherwise have been avoided. "The Flying Dutchman" is a work which lives or dies according to its interpreters. The score must blaze with intensity from beginning to end, even when this quality is absent from the music (a great conductor will provide the necessary ersatz). Joseph Keilberth, who directs the album, does a workmanlike, scholarly job, but one hardly calculated to raise the listener's blood pressure or start his pulse a-pounding. Hermann Uhde, as the Dutchman, reveals a fine intelligence and well proportioned vocal delivery. He has his troubles with the pitch, on occasion; and, arousing our compassion more than our sense of fantasy, he lacks the demonic drive which lies at the core of the character. His performance, nevertheless, has style and dignity.

The minor rôle of the Steersman is sung with lovely tone by Josef Traxel. Elisabeth Schärtel is a tremulous Mary, Rudolf Lustig a passable Erik (perhaps the tritest page in all Wagner is to be found in the cavatina, "Willst jenes Tags"), and Ludwig Weber an impressive Daland. Mr. Weber, though no longer in vocal bloom, conveys a vital musical and dramatic authority.

Essentially, the opera stands or falls with Senta; and Astrid Varnay turns in a very good performance, marked by commanding intensity throughout. The beauty of her voice, however, is constricted by a set of mannerisms evidently modelled on the Flagstad approach: the sudden crescendo after a vocal attack, the frequent darkening of the voice, the wedge-shaped top tones, the caressing of vowel sounds in midstream. These traits worked admirably for the great Norwegian artist to whom they were native. They distort the bright and glinting voice of Miss Varnay, an excellent dramatic soprano in her own right.

Regrettably, "The Flying Dutchman"—in this present edition—remains an item for the Wagner scholar. There is much in it to stir the imagination, particularly for those already familiar with the work on stage. For the general public, however, a more magnetic performance would be of greater attraction.

—Blechmann.

Varnay—"commanding intensity."

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Recordings in Review

Vintage Flagstad

WAGNER: *"Wesendonck" songs: "Elsa's Traum" ("Lohengrin"), "Ich sah das Kind" ("Parsifal"), "Der Männer Sippe" and "Du bist der Lenz" ("Walküre"). Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, with the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Hans Knappertsbusch.* London LL 1533, $3.98.

CONSIDERING THAT Kirsten Flagstad has been a world-famous singer for more than twenty years, the phonographic firms who have had her contracts (for almost all of that, RCA Victor or its European affiliates) have no reason to be particularly proud of what they have done to preserve her remarkable voice and artistry. Oddly enough, save for the few undertakings in the Academy of Music with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra in the late 1930s (followed by half a dozen war years) the means offered have always been inverse to the abilities she had to dispose . . . from the first American days of pristine power when she was rushed into a closet of a studio to sing the "Liebestod" with an "orchestra" of forty.

It might be suspected that the outcome of the foregoing would be to deplore the de luxe attributes of the Vienna Philharmonic and Knappertsbusch (one of the few remaining exponents of a durable Wagner tradition), plus exceptional engineering skill, being lavished on a singer in the twilight of her career. But this woman, who has defied so much in her amazing career, has even found the means to turn the clock back and produce a series of performances few contemporaries could equal.

Flagstad—"stream of seamless sound."

To be sure, the production has not the effortless ease of old, the opulence of sound has to be guarded more carefully, and the abandon which made possible the breathtaking sounds at the top is a thing of the past. But few of us have heard "Im Treibhaus," "Schmerzen," or "Träume" sung with anything like the vocal power or eloquence Flagstad musters here. She wrings more meaning out of every word than at any time past, in that endless stream of seamless sound which is her own solution to the legato problem.

With Knappertsbusch as a superbly sensitive and helpful associate she gives us, in the excerpts from "Lohengrin" and "Parsifal," some idea of what complete recorded versions of these works with her might have been like, given more intelligent use of her abilities. She has to give some ground, in tempo and dynamics, in the "Walküre" excerpts, but "Der Männer Sippe" is magnificently sung. Taken altogether, I don't suppose there has been such an example of sustained vocal power by a woman in her age category (sixty-two) since the records of the fabled Lilli Lehmann.

Brahms Doubled

BRAHMS: *Concerto in A minor (Op. 102). David Oistrakh, violin and Pierre Fournier, cello, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Alceo Galliera.* "Tragic Overture." *Galliera conducting the Philharmonia.* Angel 35353, $4.98.

ADMIRERS OF THIS great work who have yet to find the work of contemporary recorded quality to give them the values they cherish in the earlier efforts of Heifetz-Feuermann (and, before that, Thibaud-Casals, with Cortot conducting) are respectfully commended to this latest effort. I don't guarantee that it combines the artistic merits remembered through the veil of the past—what could?—but it matches every reasonable expectation.

To speak of shortcomings in a performance of this quality is to verge on the hypercritical, but it is a fact that Oistrakh's tone rasps at some moments of the first and last movements, and Fournier—who is not celebrated for tonal magnitude—is occasionally overwhelmed. On the other hand, the sound throughout the andante is consistently excellent, which may suggest that the composer asked more than is humanly possible elsewhere in this unique work.

In fact, there is some suggestion that Galliera comes to that conclusion in the finale, where the tempo is somewhat duller—also more manageable—than the composer's "vivace non troppo" would suggest. In such circumstances, alacrity is a better policy than timidity, for with the former, some kind of impetus can be attained, whereas the slow tempo merely focuses on difficulties. In addition, those places in which Brahms has introduced broader themes for contrast lose their planned effect. The overture is about as it usually is, which is to say, unconvincing. Very good sound in both.

The Real Magoo

FARNON: *"Magoo in Hi Fi" and "Mother Magoo" suite. Composed and conducted by Dennis Farnon, with the voice of Jim Backus.* RCA Victor LPM 1362, $3.98.

ANYONE WHO takes high fidelity with all seriousness should turn to some other page and let those who can take it or leave it, take it as dispensed by the inimitable Magoo, of the UPA cartoons. As those who are acquainted with the bulbous-nosed, near-sighted, but far-hearing Magoo are aware, he is a man of rare discrimination—"an idiot, but a true artist," as he describes Sir Adrian Boggs, composer of the "Mr. Magoo" suite. Testing out his "unit," he runs into difficulties of a common sort, but which, in the nature of things, have uncommon consequences, when Mr. Magoo is involved.

What happens when Magoo, whose proudest boast is that he "knows people in hi-fi places," encounters The Law is best left for the individual listener to discover. Not unlike some of the electronic elect, he believes that "Magoo takes up where Edison left off," a form of self-delusion which makes an amiable alternative to surtaxes, nuclear warfare, and Ashley Montague's "Natural Superiority of Women." Along the way, Bill Olofson's ingenious script (inimitably spoken by Jim (Magoo) Backus) introduces some amusing variations on hi-fi terminology, including "Tweeter" and "woofer."

Side two is devoted to a musical effort by Farnon entitled the "Mother Magoo" suite. This is a more or less fanciful takeoff on Ravel's treatment of fairy tales with some overtones of Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf." It is a more than slight strain on Farnon's musical resources to string out seven pieces to the length of a full

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LP side, but there are several entertaining moments. In any case, he can be indulged these second thoughts for the first ones which produced the background for the "Magoo in Hi Fi" side.

Mozart in Duplicate

MOZART: *Requiem Mass in D minor (K. 626). Bruno Walter conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, with the Westminster Choir and Irmgard Seefried, soprano, Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, Leopold Simoneau, tenor, and William Warfield, bass.* Columbia ML 5012, $3.98. *Jascha Horenstein conducting an orchestra, with the Singverein der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, Vienna, and Wilma Lipp, soprano, Elizabeth Höngen, mezzo, Murray Dickie, tenor, and Ludwig Weber, bass.* VOX DL 270, $4.98.

THE DIVERSITY OF approach and distinct difference of results make possible the citation of these two versions as "choice" in their several ways. The Walter is an excellent reproduction of a successful concert presentation, with able soloists of varying vocal abilities projecting into a large auditorium (Carnegie Hall); the Horenstein an equally excellent reproduction, of a performance on a smaller scale, with vocalists rather more closely matched in vocal styles and sound. It also has, in Ludwig Weber, the most eloquent singer of the eight, his delivery of "Tuba mirum spargens sonum" having the rolling spaciousness one associates with such singers as Michael Bohnen and Richard Mayr of the past. It also has, in the annotation of H. C. Robbins Landon, a real contribution to the illumination of how and when the work came to be what it is.

The qualities previously referred to in the Walter version as "superb" (RECORDINGS, October 27, 1956)—orchestral performance, choral singing, the solo work of Seefried and Simoneau—retain their stature on re-examination; but experience with the more intimate version from Vienna leaves no doubt in my mind that more of Mozart's purpose can be absorbed from the balance of forty singers and fifty orchestral players than from the decidedly unequal predominance of vocalists over orchestra in the Walter version. This, of course, applies only to the circumstance under consideration—that is to say, a recording. The judgment in Carnegie Hall, for which Walter prepared this performance, could be quite different.

Fischer-Dieskau, Brahms-Mahler

BRAHMS: *"A German Requiem." Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, and Elisabeth Grümmer, soprano, with Rudolf Kempe conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.* MAHLER: *"Kindertotenlieder," Fischer-Dieskau with Kempe-Berlin Philharmonic.* RCA Victor LM 6050, $7.96.

ADMIRERS OF the excellent Fischer-Dieskau, if no others, will accept this two part package without complaint, for his participation in the "Requiem" is eloquent in mood and apt in voice. Others devoted to the Mahler cycle but not the Brahms are apt to find the attractions of one side offset by the cost of the other three. Considering the disparity of musical appeal represented in the two works, some better solution of the problem might have been reached than the present coupling provides.

So far as the "Requiem" is concerned, it testifies to Kempe's ability to deal capably with a (non-operatic) problem of considerable complexity. Some parts of Side I plod a little, but he attains a considerable elevation of expression in "Ihr habt nun Traurigkeit." Here Grümmer holds the vocal line with exceptional evenness, sustaining the arch of sound beautifully above Kempe's well-molded background.

A noticeable factor of worth in both the Brahms and Mahler is Kempe's refined sense of string sound, a kind of light, yet vibrant quality which makes for an excellent blend with the voices, without blanketing them. This perhaps has something to do with Kempe's background as an oboe player, his awareness (from personal experience) of the problems that arise when the conductor is too lavish with heavy string tone. In the Mahler, which gives special prominence to the solo winds, Kempe's discrimination gives an additional dimension to the superior artistry of Fischer-Dieskau. Both works are well-treated by the microphone, in an acoustical frame that adds especially to the singer's sensitive enunciation in such a song as "Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen."

Candied Candide

BERNSTEIN: *"Candide." Barbara Cooke, Robert Rounseville, Max Adrian, etc., with orchestra conducted by Samuel Krachmalnick.* Columbia OL 5180, $3.98.

THE RECENT CLOSING of the Lillian Hellman-Leonard Bernstein-Tyrone Guthrie "Candide" after a total of but seventy-three performances (many of them poorly attended) has left some impression that it was "too good for the world" of Broadway and has gone the way of all shows in that area misguidedly labeled "operas." What else could explain the public apathy toward a production that had, largely speaking, a favorable press?

I attempt no diagnosis of the dramatic values in the adaptation (generally agreed to be inferior to the score), but, so far as the music is concerned, it doesn't strike me that "Candide" has been ill-treated by the public. Aside from an incessant cleverness that begins with the busy overture, and rarely abates throughout, Bernstein's score is deficient in melodic content, padded out by formula instead of creative impulse, constantly trying to live beyond its musical means.

Whether this conveys itself to a miscellaneous audience in a theatre I wouldn't know. But I know that if listening to it is difficult, and eventually wearying, for a trained ear, it must strike the untrained one—when it is being honest with itself and is not dazzled by complication for the sake of complication—as unattractive.

Beyond this general characteristic, the "Candide" score is overladen with references to other works which might be construed as part of a parodistic intent. In the case of the bejeweled "Glitter and Be Gay" which is deftly sung by Barbara Cooke, it may be accepted as such. But I don't think Bernstein is parodying "Rosenkavalier" in one trio or Stravinsky's "Firebird" in this climax or Walton's "Facade" in that. He is remembering things which he loves well but not too wisely. The recording accurately reflects the kind of production that was heard in the theatre, and the reproduction is particularly good for the word content of Richard Wilbur, John Latouche, and Dorothy Parker.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Brandenburg Concerti Nos. 1, 2, and 4. Boyd Neel Orchestra and soloists. Unicorn UN LP 1040, $3.98. Nos. 3, 5 and 6. The same. Unicorn UP LP 1041, $3.98.	The quality standard here varies according to the instrumentation and the skills of the players in using such unfamiliar instruments as the *corno di cacci* and high trumpet. The G major, for strings alone, fares well, as does No. 5 in which the solo instruments are conventional (flute, violin and harpsichord). Thus the record on which they are grouped is the better value. In the other works, especially No. 1 and No. 2, pitch is too often uncertain, the lines blurred. Leon Goossens is identified as oboist in these, which is not the boon it would appear, for his tone and control of it are not what they used to be. Emanuel Hurwitz, violin, Geoffrey Gilbert, flute, Bram Gay, trumpet, and George Malcolm, harpsichord, are also heard. Fairly good reproduction.
Bach: Concerto in E. Beethoven: Romances in G and F. Igor Oistrakh, violin, with the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra conducted by Franz Konwitschny. Decca DL 9875, $3.98.	The younger Oistrakh's straightforward, finely schooled violin playing and the well-integrated background provided by the German strings make for more than agreeable listening in the Bach. However, the emotional elements in the Beethoven do not have as much prominence as desirable, the whole approach being impersonal and without much interpretative "heart." Satisfactory sound.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 7 in A. Otto Klemperer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35330, $4.98.	The broad dynamic scale of Klemperer's conception has been impressively preserved, in a reproduction which is one of the most faithful to the sound of a "classic" orchestra we have yet heard. There is, also, weight, authority, and knowledge in the conductor's treatment of the score, plus wholehearted response from the personnel. What are lacking—and they are serious lacks—is spring and bounce in the rhythmic figures, vitality in the climaxes. Sober but rather didactic Beethoven, for all the scholarship provided.
Brahms: Concerto in D minor. Rudolf Firkusny, piano, with William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony. Capitol P 8356, $3.98.	Despite the formidable technical problems of this work, and its well-known hazards to good balance, Firkusny has a sound success with it, aided no little by the suitable background provided by Steinberg. It lacks the massive tonal production in the Rubinstein-Reiner effort, but substitutes a valid color of its own, on a lighter scale but still effective. Well balanced sound.
Charpentier: "Impressions d'Italie." Albert Wolff conducting the Orchestra of the Concerts Conservatoire. London LL 1511, $3.98.	An admirable understanding of the idioms of both Massenet and Charpentier enables Wolff to give a fine flavor of authenticity to the pupil's emulation of the master's "Scènes pittoresques" and "Scènes Alsaciennes." He is also alert to Charpentier's allusion to Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" and the use of various instruments for local color. Altogether a model expression of a minor but attractive work. Excellent reproduction.
Dvorak: Concerto in A minor. Johanna Martzy, violin, with RIAS Orchestra conducted by Ferenc Fricsay. Decca DL 9858, $3.98.	Young Miss Martzy's previous repute is enhanced by her uncommonly animated, well-sounding work in a score which deserves more than its present prominence. Fricsay provides a lively, well-phrased orchestral background. Side two also contains Ravel's "Pièce en forme de Habanera" and "Berceuse sur le nom de Gabriel Fauré" plus Milhaud's "Ipanema," testifying to the performer's skill in treatment of such vignettes. Good sound throughout, including Jean Antonietti's piano.
Falla: "Nights in the Gardens of Spain." Eduardo del Pueyo, piano, with the Lamoureux Orchestra conducted by Jean Martinon. "El Amor Brujo," with Corinne Vozza, mezzo, and the same. Epic LC 3305, $3.98.	The coupling is attractive, the performances less so. Of the two, the pianist attains a more consistent level of capability, if not real distinction. In the work with vocal soloist, Martinon fails to provide sufficiently strong leadership, and the Vozza voice sounds worn, though knowledge of previous history or condition of certitude is wanting. Fairly good recording.
Mendelssohn: Concertos in G minor and D minor. Peter Katin, piano, with Anthony Collins conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London LL 1453, $3.98.	Katin's fluency and musical taste are commendable, but neither he nor Collins provides the stylistic awareness to translate accurate performance of notes into patterns of musical pleasure. Sharper rhythmic accent, more precise dynamic definition would give Katin's efforts a profile presently absent. Nicely rounded sound.
Milhaud: "Suite Provencale" and "Saudades do Brasil." Darius Milhaud conducting the Concert Arts Orchestra. Capitol P 8358, $3.98.	The twenty movements in these two entities tend to accumulate stylistic monotony after a time, especially as Milhaud's calculated use of dissonance as a color factor tends to become a cliché after a dozen or so pieces. The best of the movements (perhaps half of the total) are very good indeed, but the others depress the level. Clear sound, though with an astringent timbre (which may be in the scoring).
Rachmaninoff: "Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini," Concerto No. 4 in G minor. Yakov Zak, piano, with Kiril Kondrashin conducting. Westminster XWN 18355, $3.98.	A Soviet-derived tape which has little claim on the attention other than identifying Zak as an energetic performer of not much musical individuality. His playing of the "Rhapsody" is efficient rather than distinguished, the effort on behalf of the seldom played No. 4 not very much to its benefit. Limited sound.
Rameau: "Les Paladins" (arranged by Désormière). Lalande: "Symphonies pour les Soupers du Roy." Pierre Colombo conducting the Lamoreux Orchestra. Oiseau Lyre OL 50106, $4.98.	A delightful foray into the too-little known world of the late seventeenth and middle eighteenth century French music. The Rameau inventions, rescued by the discerning Désormière from the library shelves are especially attractive, though Lalande's "symphonies" show why he was Lully's successor as court composer. Colombo gives proper values to the brass (horns and trumpets) in the ensemble of woodwinds and strings.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 1 in G minor. N. Golovanov conducting the Bolshoi Symphony Orchestra. Westminster XWN 18224, $3.98.	Golovanov has a sharp insight into the nature of this work, especially those elements which parallel Tchaikovsky's balletic impulses. The orchestra also has real qualities of tone coloration and enthusiasm to contribute, though the presentation of them from the USSR tape is dull, lacking in the vibrance or fidelity to justify the "Hi Fi" stamped on the cover.
Tchaikovsky: "Francesca da Rimini." "Capriccio Italien." Anthony Collins conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London LL 1441, $3.98.	A powerful example (especially in the "Capriccio") of how sound standards can be enhanced without indulging in ear-grabbing insistence on "effects." All the choirs, brass, strings, percussion, have a little more lustre and vividness than customary. Collins provides more positive leadership than is sometimes the case with him.
Wagner: "Meistersinger" overture, Prelude to Act III, Dance of the Apprentices, Entrance of the Guilds. "Lohengrin" preludes. Artur Rodzinski conducting the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of London. Westminster LAB 7028, $7.50.	A smallish studio, with too much going on in it, contravenes the claims of this disc to superior recorded quality. Rodzinski's performances attest to his knowledge of this literature, though the "Meistersinger" tempi are not what might be called spacious. The rather ordinary results are hardly worth a premium price. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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New German Music

Continued from page 43

the companion pieces for which there are none. In Egk's case, the observation applies to his setting for mezzo and string quartet of verses by Michel Sedaine (1719-1779) collectively entitled "The Temptation of Saint Anthony." They were mated with eighteenth century chansons which Egk has elaborated with considerable skill for the present purposes. As in several other instances, Egk (born and bred in Bavaria) has utilized non-Germanic texts with a high degree of professionalism. Where Egk will rank when his total output is better known remains uncertain, but it is certain to be in the upper echelon of contemporary composers. Lilian Benningsen is an effective if vocally erratic soloist, with the Koeckert Quartet in sure command of the instrumental problems.

Blacher's transformation from a composer of self-trained, directly expressive impulses to one deeply immersed in a discipline of metrical schemes and numbers is clearly suggested in the pairing of his "Concertante Music" for orchestra (1937) with the second piano concerto of 1953. There are strong implications of Stravinsky in the first, though the articulation is very much Blacher's own. In the piano concerto, a number of listeners will encounter, for the first time, Blacher's absorption with such compositional schemes as 2 3, 2 3 4, 2 3 4 5, each numeral applying to the metrical content of a single bar. The numbers may also pyramid in such sequences as 2 3 4 4 555 6 6 6 6 8 8 8 8 8. Remarkably enough, the results are in no way stilted or angular, nor is the presence of a mathematical scheme immediately apparent. Blacher's cause is vividly served by the Berlin Philharmonic under the direction of Hans Rosbaud, with Gerty Herzog as the piano soloist.

Taken together, the selections and their presentation evoke not only respect for German thoroughness, but also admiration for the objectivity with which each phase of the total subject has been given due representation, and equal justice. No one could listen to these six disks without concluding that a great deal has been going on, musically, in the German Republic of which we have too little knowledge. This merely confirms a long-standing suspicion that such *must* be the case, for a historic proclivity of centuries cannot be subdued in a couple of decades. The further evidence to come is awaited with interest.

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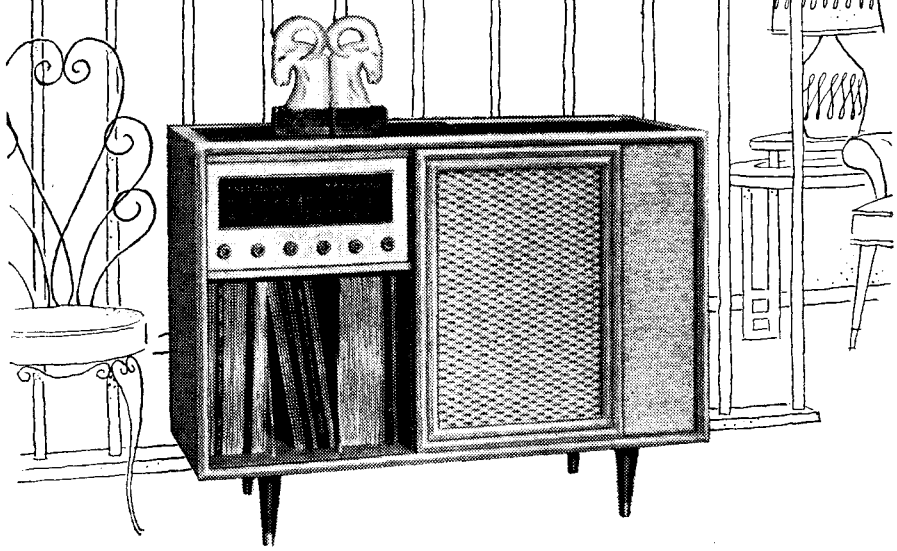

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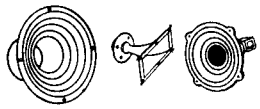

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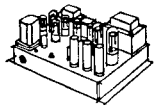

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Albeniz: "Suite Española." Gonzalvo Soriano, piano. Boston B302, $4.98.	The full sequence of eight pieces is a welcome addition to the favor usually bestowed on "Sevilla," "Cadiz," and "Castilla." Included are "Granada," "Cataluna," "Asturias," "Aragon," and "Cuba" (the last is a curious "anticipation" of Porter's "Begin the Beguine"). Soriano makes a better impression in this literature than he did as an orchestral soloist here in 1954, though his color range is limited. Fairly good reproduction.
Beethoven: Quartet in E flat ("Harp"). Quartetto Italiano. Angel 35367, $4.98.	The light string sound of the quartet is suitable to some aspects of the work, but it grows thin and scratchy in the climaxes. Inasmuch as the conception is not notable for eloquence or insight, the sound is a decided liability. The reproduction of it is excellent.
Beethoven: Sonatas Opus 13 (C minor), opus 27 (C sharp minor), and Opus 57 (F minor). Egon Petri, piano. Westminster XWN 18255, $3.98. Sonatas Opus 109 (E major) and 110 (A flat). The same. Concord 3002, $3.98.	The ready assumption, in view of Petri's background, would be that the later sonatas are more congenial to him than the early. However, the results here are opposite to the assumption, possibly because the conditions provided by Westminster are more favorable for quality results than those in the Concord issue. In any case, Petri is in full possession of technical means to state his views on the "Pathetique," "Moonlight," and "Appassionata" convincingly. The tenderness of feeling to achieve a really melting mood in the slow movements is rarely evident, which may be the root cause for dissatisfaction with the later works.
Bloch: Suite for Viola," "Suite Hébraïque." William Primrose, viola, and David Stimer, piano. Capitol 8355, $3.98.	Bloch could hardly have a more persuasive interpreter than Primrose, who performs with all energy and devotion. The "Suite Hébraïque" strikes me as the more congenial in matter to Primrose, the results of superior quality. In the "Suite for Viola" (1919) the tough-textured writing results in a good deal of friction between bow and strings which is electronically converted into a rasp. Stimer plays a well-proportioned part in the results.
Brahms: Sonatas (E minor, F minor). Antonio Janigro, cello, and Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. Westminster XWN 18234, $3.98.	Two performances of strong musicality and integrated teamwork, though neither suggests that the players have probed the content fully. Certainly more than inspired sight-reading, but not suggestive of wholly matured conceptions. The sound is well-balanced, though the piano tone (especially in the bass) is soggy, without the sonority Badura-Skoda achieves elsewhere.
Britten: Quartet No. 1 (opus 25). Schumann: Quartet No. 1 (opus 41). Paganini Quartet. Liberty SWL 15000, $3.98.	In its present organization, the Paganini ensemble is better equipped to deal justly with the Britten than with the Schumann. That is to say, the painstaking attention to detail in the Britten yields as much as it contains, as the substance is slight. However, the profounder work of Schumann requires an eloquence of statement not provided by the viola and 'cello. Closeup microphoning accentuates their rough sound.
Chopin: Ballade (A flat), Nocturne (D flat), Impromptu (A flat), Polonaises (F sharp and A major), Tarantelle (E flat), and Scherzo (B minor). Philippe Entremont, piano. Epic LC 3316, $3.98.	Entremont has a good deal of facility and a nice flow of lyric feeling, but not yet the vigor of statement required for the A major polonaise or the drive to animate the B minor scherzo. Some of the articulation, or lack of it, leaves Entremont still in the sub-artistic class, though his talent is clear.
Chopin: Waltzes (17). Livia Rev, piano. Ducretet Thomson DTL 93088, $3.98.	Interest in these performances grows as the impressions accumulate and Miss (presumably) Rev asserts a sustained, though quiet, musical personality. There is plentiful fluency in the A flat (Op 34, No. 1) with which the non-chronological sequence begins, if not the rhythmic sharpness nor tonal grandeur associated with some past interpreters. But there is excellent musicianship throughout and in some of the lighter works, a touch of warm sentiment. Good piano sound.
Couperin, F ("Le Grand"): "La Steinkerque," Lully: "Marches," Philidor: "Marche a deux timballes," etc. Collegium Musicum de Paris, conducted by Roland Douatte. London TWV 91092, $4.98.	The interest of these pieces is for the most part historical, and not of a very lively sort even in that area. However, dutiful listening to the close of side two discloses that Lully's "Marche du Regiment de Turenne" is clearly the antecedent of the overture in Bizet's "L'Arlesienne," even to the overlapping imitations. The scoring is here for winds, "timbales," and harpsichord.
Debussy: Twelve Etudes. (1915). Albert Ferber, piano. Ducretet Thomson 93012, $3.98.	There is too little musical content in these pieces for measurement of Ferber as an interpreter, but he makes a suave sound at the instrument, and shades it well. However, the qualities of a Gieseking (Angel 35250) are lacking. Good sound.
Hindemith: Sonatas Nos. 1 and 3. Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. Westminster XWN 18200, $3.98.	Badura-Skoda shows a sensitive appreciation of the values in Hindemith's writing, especially in the contrapuntal movements such as the fugue in No. 3. For the most part, however, I find these works of 1936 lacking appeal, now that the "problem" in listening has vanished and the structures can be seen for what they are. The reproduction is, in a sense, *too* acute, unless one wants to study Badura-Skoda's pedal action aurally.
Liszt: "Canzonetta del Salvator Rosa," "Sonetto 123," "Au bord d'une Source," "Chapel of William Tell." K. U. Schnabel, piano. Urania UR 8001, $3.98.	In addition to these, Schnabel plays the Schumann "Papillons" and Chopin's C sharp minor scherzo with the sound command of technical problems and the artistic purpose associated with the family name. However, his affinity is greater for the Schumann, which he plays very well, than for the Chopin or Liszt, which he plays cleanly and rather literally. A noisy pedal detracts from the reproductive quality.
Schubert: Quartet in D minor ("Death and the Maiden"). Capitol P 8359, $3.98.	All the intentions here are admirable, though the execution proceeded with more certainty in the slow movement and scherzo than in the faster movements. Felix Slatkin's leadership in the first movement is over-assertive, the pursuit of drama not conducive to good sound. The variations are well understood and affectingly projected. —I. K.

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Big Bill's Book

ONE OF the least forgettable experiences of several thousand nights spent in Carnegie Hall during the last twenty-five years was the occasion when Big Bill Bronzy took his place (probably during one of the "Spiritual to Swing" programs of the late Thirties) on that stage, guitar slung from his shoulders, and transformed it into a likeness of the clubs and joints where he had been performing for decades in obscurity. No phoney sophistication, concession to surroundings, or deference animated this man, and the book he has produced, **"Big Bill Blues"** (Grove Press, $3), (with the aid of a "bottle of whiskey and a tape recorder," also Yannick Bruynoghe) is just as true to himself.

Mississippi-born, Big Bill has been recording and working in France lately, and this book was originally published in London by Cassell and Company last year. It tells of his education the hard way—getting drunk and signing papers to record for a pittance, or getting nothing for the songs he made up himself. A strong man and a thinking one, for all his self-characterization of himself as a "whiskey-head," Bill notes one song as "not yet recorded." Its title is "When Will I Get to Be Called a Man?" A couple of couplets will serve to tell the story:

I wonder when will I be called
a man
Or do I have to wait 'til I get
ninety-three?

When Uncle Sam called me I
knew I would be called the
real McCoy
But when I got in the army they
called me soldier boy.

When I got back from overseas,
that night we had a ball
I met the boss the next day, he
told me "Boy, get you some
overall."

I worked on a levee camp and a
chain gang too
A black man is a boy to a white,
don't care what he can do.

"Big Bill Blues" is a book about songs, the kind of songs that invert the definition of opera that goes "when things are too foolish to be spoken they can be sung." These are the grim things, the satiric things, the earthy things of a man whose people could sing them far better than they could be spoken—often, when they could not be spoken. An ample discography by Albert J. McCarthy will enhance the book mightily for Big Bill's phonograph devotees. —I. K.

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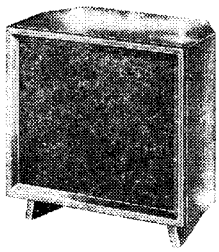

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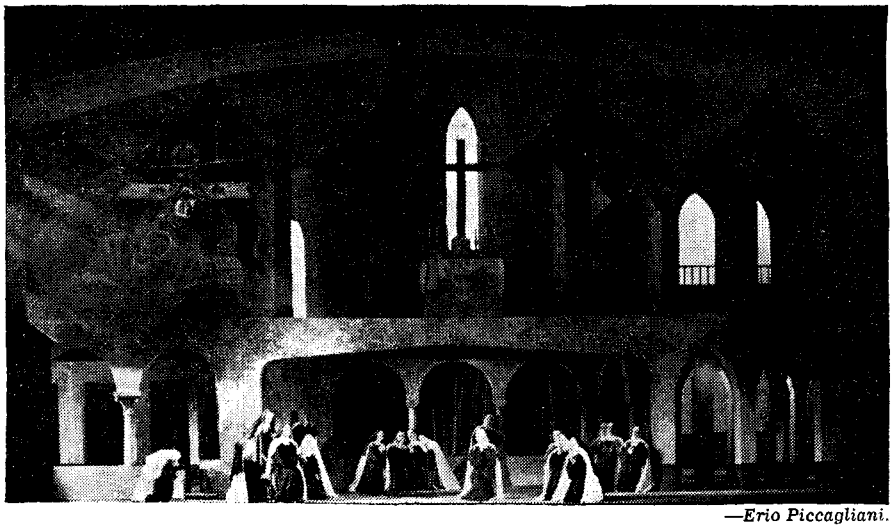

—*Erio Piccagliani.*

Scene from the second act of Poulenc's "Dialogues des Carmelites," as given at La Scala.

POULENC'S "DIALOGUES" AT LA SCALA

By ALLAN HUGHES

MILAN, ITALY.

ON JULY 17, 1794, a crowd of Parisians witnessed one of the strangest spectacles of the French Revolution. Gathered in a public square, they looked on—some jeering, some cringing in horror—as sixteen nuns from a rural Carmelite convent marched to the guillotine singing an ancient hymn of the Roman Church. The re-enactment of this scene comes as the climax and conclusion of Francis Poulenc's first full-length opera, "Dialogues des Carmélites," which was given its world premiere recently here. Charged with the intensity of acute human emotion, the work bears the stamp of a mature creative personality whose lyric gifts and poetic sensitivity have been profoundly stirred.

Due to the complexity and dimension of the form, few operas are flawless works of art, and perfection need not be claimed for "Dialogues des Carmélites." Considering the reception it was given, one is justified in suspecting that the opera might well become a familiar repertoire item.

For this belief, there are these good reasons. First of all, the story, which is told clearly, is likely to arouse the sympathy of almost anyone who hears it, for it is the story of ordinary human beings grappling with doubt and fear in believable crises. Secondly, the musical fabric clothing the story offers no listening problems whatsoever. Essentially uncomplicated, the score has a kind of voluptuousness that can exert an immediate effect on even the most unprepared auditor. Finally, there is the splendor of the vocal writing itself, which must inevitably excite the senses of all who hear it. Few operatic composers since Puccini have written so naturally and flatteringly for the human voice, and it is singing, after all, that makes an opera live.

Dealing in general with the faith, philosophy, and actions of a community of Carmelites caught in the thrashing currents of the French Revolution, and considering in particular the fear-ridden existence of a girl seeking peace and protection in the seclusion of their religious order, "Dialogues des Carmélites" enters intellectual and psychological realms not commonly associated with opera. But it does this subtly, implying rather than propounding, suggesting rather than stating. In this way, the theatrical tension of the opera can be sustained despite the introduction of ideas that are not necessarily theatrical in themselves.

In condensing Georges Bernanos's unfilmed motion-picture scenario to make his libretto, Poulenc retained the eight principal characters of the original text. There is the central figure, Blanche de la Force, who—though obsessed by fright and though without strong religious motivation—ultimately finds the courage to be ex-

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ecuted with her sister nuns; an aged Mother Superior, who dies in unexpected agony, shrieking blasphemies at the end of a life that can only have been sincerely devout; and the new Mother Superior, a humble woman whose maternal affection for her charges matches her spiritual strength and bravery in a time of anarchy and terror.

There are also the stern Mother Marie, whose desire for personal glory through martyrdom and beatification is thwarted by circumstance, and young Sister Constance, a novice like Blanche, but one whose sunny enthusiasm for life and lack of concern for death distinguishes her from her close companion. Finally, there are three men—Blanche's father, her brother, and the convent priest. Bernanos himself borrowed the sketches of these characters from "Die Letze am Shaffott," a short story by the German writer Gertrud von Le Fort. She, in turn, had been inspired by known historical facts relating to the Carmelite community driven to martyrdom from the village of Compiègne.

The music of "Dialogues des Carmélites" represents a logical extension of the compositional style Poulenc had established firmly by 1950 with his "Stabat Mater." The same style is also reflected in the Sonata for Two Pianos, which dates from 1953. Poulenc is often regarded chiefly as a source of witty, even impudent, music, but he has two sides to his nature, and here, of course, we are concerned with the reflective aspect of his art.

Since he is a melodist above all, the opera abounds in luxuriant themes. His affinity for Moussorgsky's declamatory vocal style and intervallic relationships reveals itself also, as it has in so many of his songs, but the lyricism flows on anyway, as though it sprang from an artesian well. Underneath it all rests the bed of Poulenc's inimitable harmonic structure. The music is unfailingly tonal, but the tonality is constantly colored with modal interplay, piquant dissonance, and unexpected modulation.

Despite its fundamental simplicity, the musical fabric has a rich surface and a sheen that often dazzles the senses. There is no density in this voluptuousness, as in that of Richard Strauss or Olivier Messiaen. Here, rather, is a gloss achieved through the skilful orchestration of widespread chords with pitches doubled in many octaves. In contrast with music of almost celestial sweetness, however, there are instances of stringent incisiveness and others of brutal force. Time alone decides the fate of any opera, but "Dialogues des Carmélites" would seem to be made of enduring operatic materials.

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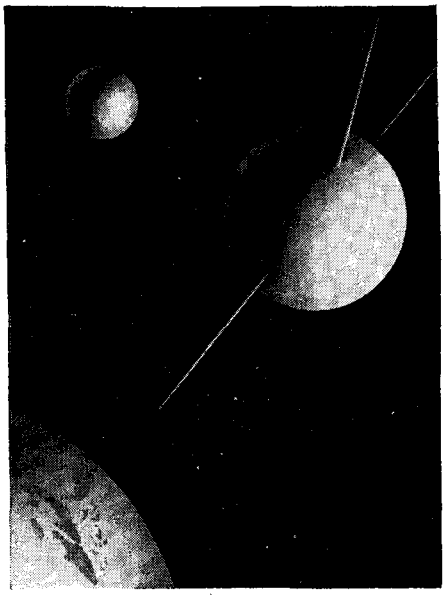

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THE OTHER SIDE

ENGLAND APPRAISES TOSCANINI

LONDON.

ONCE again HMV, with its eyes firmly fixed on May 1, the deadline for dissolution of its long-standing agreement, has announced a big release of RCA Victor recordings among which can be found the Heifetz set of Beethoven's Violin Sonatas, a pair of "Concerto" discs—Grieg, Liszt, Rachmaninoff—featuring Artur Rubinstein, "La Traviata" and Tchaikovsky's "Pathetique" Symphony, both directed by Pierre Monteux, and sonatas by Prokofieff, Leclair, and Locatelli played by Oistrakh (who, in the interest of fair play, should now make some recordings for Decca/London next time he visits this country). But it is the inclusion of Cherubini's Requiem Mass—chosen along with the rest of the issue long before January 16—which endows this list with its note of sad, ironic topicality: a Requiem for Arturo Toscanini conducted by the Maestro himself!

Music lovers in Britain may well feel envious of their American brethren for their intimate participation in Toscanini's career for almost half a century; yet Londoners came to know him in the Thirties and there can be no doubt that September 29 and October 1, 1952, will remain imperishable dates in the annals of the Royal Festival Hall. Above all, we are able to share on equal terms in the unique legacy of his recordings, a legacy which could easily have been immeasurably poorer but for the far-sighted enterprise of the National Broadcasting Company in 1937 and the introduction of LP about a decade later.

To compare the generous tributes to Toscanini from musicians and critics which appeared in the American press with the bulk of perfunctory, smug, and niggling obituaries published in English papers—from the patent nonsense of a popular tabloid daily (some sixty words headed "Toscanini was loved by all"!) to stale phrases about "Ixion wheels," "Mediterranean sunshine," "hard edges," "bourgeois German Mastersingers becoming a procession of Florentine nobles," "tricks with the timpani of Brahms's C minor symphony," and all the rest—was illuminating but far from edifying: it illustrated the extent to which musical criticism in this country remains subservient to the influence of nineteenth-century German romanticism, a tyranny whose shackles British composers and most of the public have long since discarded. It was left to Ernest Newman to speak for those of us whose lives have been quickened by Toscanini's genius: "There had been no one like him before, and it is safe to say there will be no one like him in the future."

There are some who like to bewail the fact that the phonograph was not invented fifty, or 100, or even 200 years earlier. Let us count our blessings and be thankful that we shall be able to draw sustenance from Toscanini's performances of Beethoven and Brahms, Wagner and Verdi for the rest of our lives. Even those who, at the moment, tend to turn up their noses at many of these recordings because of their undoubted tonal limitations may one day discover that fidelity to musical values means more than mere hi-fi—that it is the musician and not the engineer who determines whether or not future generations will listen to a particular record.

Cherubini's Requiem is not the only "posthumous" recording in HMV's February list, for it also includes a ten-inch coupling of the second "Daphnis and Chloë" Suite and Debussy's "Nuages" and "Fêtes" played by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Guido Cantelli. To have arrived on the international musical scene bearing the label of "Toscanini's chosen successor" might have spelt doom to a conductor less gifted than he, but performances of the Verdi Requiem which he directed in London last summer bore eloquent testimony to his increasing maturity. We shall never know the true extent of our loss; where among the younger generation can one point to anyone of comparable promise? Despite their rich, glowing sound, the Ravel/Debussy performances are not, I suspect, of very recent origin and this "Daphnis," though admirable by work-aday standards, does not really represent the best of which he was capable.

Other HMV issues include splendid accounts of cello concertos by Miaskovsky and Saint-Saëns (the familiar A minor) from the Russian virtuoso, Rostropovich, soundly supported by Sargent and the Philharmonia, and a collection of Puccini arias for soprano sung by Antonietta Stella, whose sweet voice is as yet unsup-

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ported by any marked histrionic ability. On the allied Columbia-Angel label we have a motley assortment of discs most of which have already been announced in the U.S.A.

Decca's February release also offers little of real substance apart from another fine Stravinsky disc—"Pulcinella" and "Le chant du rossignol"—directed by Ansermet and a Vienna Philharmonic/Kubelik performance of the "New World" Symphony; Ricci has recorded Khachaturian's highly spiced yet shallow Violin Concerto in a brave but, I fear, vain attempt to challenge the Oistrakh family's near-proprietary rights where this piece is concerned; the composer of "Louise," Gustave Charpentier, who died last year at the age of ninety-six, is commemorated by his "Italian Impressions" of 1890 (Paris Conservatoire/Wolff); Zara Nelsova and Artur Balsam collaborate (but only just!) in a program of Beethoven compositions for cello and piano, with the A major Sonata as its mainstay.

JANUARY'S "double-bill" included one of the best performances yet released by the late Fritz Lehmann—two lovely discs containing Schubert's entire music associated with "Rosamunde" (Entr'actes, Ballets, Choruses, and two Overtures) together with two charming, additional works for women's voices; the Berwald symphonies already discussed by the Editor; a new and thoroughly competent account of "Married bliss chez Richard Strauss," better known as the Sinfonia Domestica (Saxon State Orch./Konwitschny); the Santoliquido Trio's admirable performance of Beethoven's Op. 70, No. 1, coupled with the delightful "Schneider Kakadu" Variations (instead of its Op. 70 companion, associated with it on American Decca). These are, of course, standard DGG issues; from the archives of Archive Production we had the Bach Sonatas for keyboard and viola da gamba (Fritz Neumeyer and August Wenzinger), while on another disc Neumeyer performs six of Bach's Little Preludes together with an early piece of humorous program music, the "Capriccio on the Departure of a beloved Brother," employing for these pieces that most delightful and least recordable of keyboard instruments, the clavichord. Not satisfied with this, the same performer appears on a third disc where, in four-handed partnership with Lily Berger on an eighteenth-century piano, he plays Mozart's splendid F major Sonata, K. 497, coupled with the Andante con variazioni, K. 501, and an Adagio and Allegro, K 594 (originally for a mechanical organ).

The current month's DGG issue contains the last and, perhaps, the finest of the present batch of Leningrad Philharmonic recordings, the Mravinsky-directed "Pathétique" Symphony, as well as a drastically cut, but quite lengthy enough, version of Glière's "Ilya Mourometz" Symphony (RIAS Orchestra/Fricsay); a rather sluggish, inelegant account of Bizet's youthful C major Symphony (coupled with two of Grieg's Symphonic Dances) is contributed by the Bambergers under Lehmann, while Jochum's performances of Mozart's Thirty-third and Thirty-sixth Symphonies will delight some by their smooth, well-cushioned sound and irritate those who like to hear the music shaped with more stylish elegance à la Sir Thomas. More to my own taste is a collection of Mozart Piano Sonatas (K. 279 through 282), delightfully played by Conrad Hansen on an unidentified "Mozart piano" and excellently recorded; Stefan Askenase's disc devoted to the Chopin Waltzes cannot be recommended quite so wholeheartedly, but should appeal to anyone who values great tonal delicacy and does not object to a highly personal, wayward approach. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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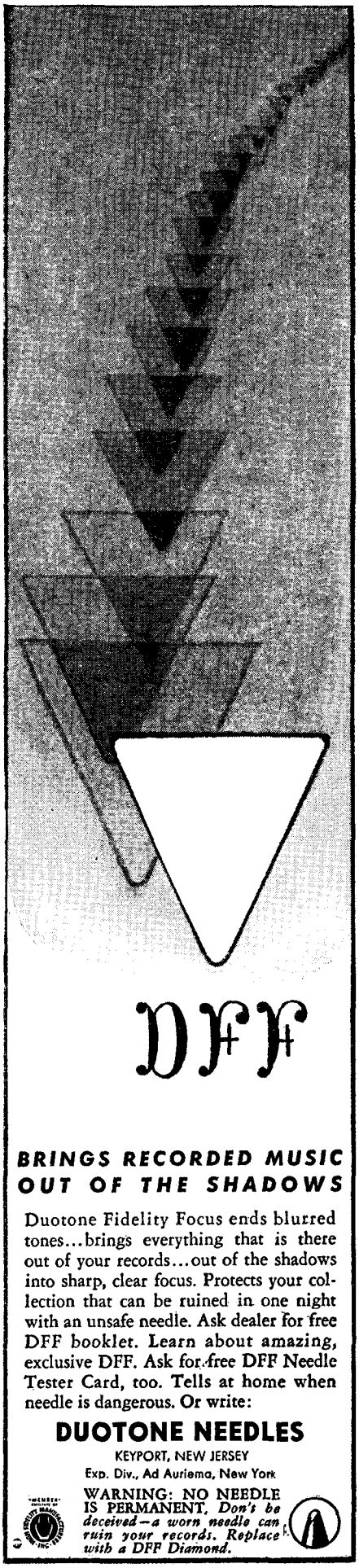
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THE AMEN CORNER

The Perils of Thought

I WISH there were with me tonight the Reverend Alvin Kershaw, the minister and TV jazz expert of "$64,000 Question" fame. I admire his struggles on behalf of the jazz art, and would like to consult his lay opinion on what seems to me a strange proceeding.

The LP in question is by some of the younger, more "modern" men: Jackie McLean, alto sax; Bill Hardman, trumpet; Mal Waldron, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; and Philly Joe Jones, drums (Prestige LP 7068). I have previously saluted McLean, and I think it would be difficult to find two more ingratiating men in a rhythm section than Chambers and Jones. So far, so good. But Hardman, on the trumpet, seems bent on a persistent staccato inflection which strikes me as generally awkward, and there is throughout a surprising lack of that rhythmic ease and integration which make for "swing." How to account for this flagrant fault in players of this caliber? I suspect it may be a too self-conscious forcing in the front row toward phraseological originality, so that the off-beat ease of the ensemble is sacrificed—sicklied o'er with the pale cast of musical thought.

On the other hand, there is the work of an identical combination including two of the masters of the 1930s and thereafter: Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Benny Carter, alto sax; Bruce MacDonald, piano; John Simmons, bass; and Alvin Stoller, drums (ARS G-413). This, I think, on relatively short acquaintance, is one of the least self-conscious jazz records that has come into my house in many months. There are no such rhythmic difficulties as were alluded to above. Eldridge is often in the mute, and his farouche, marvelously free approach often profits by it. Carter is at his elegantly captivating best—his opening staves of "I Missed My Hat" are a summit in propulsive alto sax playing. The moods of the numbers vary widely from a ballad medley to a boogie-woogie item in which, through over-dubbing, Eldridge appears both on trumpet and vintage piano. All in all, there is comedy and there is poetry—witness MacDonald in "Polite Blues."

Admirers of the marble Abraham Lincoln seated in his Washington Memorial will be interested in the cover of a recent Album (Atlantic 1235). This shows Wilbur de Paris similarly posed among the stony grandeurs of Boston's Symphony Hall, together with his trombone case and his French poodle, Zizi. De Paris is that warm wizard who for more than a decade has represented the New Orleans tradition at Ryan's barrelhouse on West 52nd Street in New York City. He gets away, from time to time, to such august haunts as Boston, and on this occasion he delivered himself of another irresistible program of music inspired by his New Orleans background, widened by his variegated middleground (including no little of Europe), and encouraged, night after night, by his enthusiastic foreground. This, in every hallowed sense of the word, is a jazz band. The personnel, as usual, features his brother Sidney on the trumpet and the veteran Omer Simeon on the clarinet; elsewhere there are Sonny White, piano; Lee Blair, southpaw banjo; Bennie Moten, bass, and Wilbert Kirk, drums and harmonica *supreme*. The numbers include another of Wilbur's originals in the neo-tropic style, "Majorca," plus specialties which, by means of an anthropological run-down, I am able to identify as composed Creole; urban blues; metallic razzamatazz; Chicago nostalgic, etc. The great thing about Wilbur de Paris, as the longevity of his band might suggest, is honest syncopated worth, and the left-handed banjo playing and newly acclimated mouth organ greatly assist in the general effect.

THE Department of Belated Notices prompts me to say that, for some time now, if one has been lucky, it has been possible to obtain a memorial album by the late Eddie Davis, violinist-bandmaster to such happy Manhattan dancing resorts as La Rue and Le Coq Rouge. Eddie Davis was an expert in the projection of the best show tunes for general dancing pleasure. I have danced to him often, and his music will have fond connections for any devotee of Davis or other leaders of the "continuous music" tradition such as Mike Markel, Anna Byrnes, Meyer Davis, or Eddie Wittstein. Mr. Davis died about a year ago; part of the income from the album goes to the American Cancer Society. The difficulty recently has been to find the album at all; it has been a sensation among Davis admirers, old or newly acquired (Columbia CL 911). —WILDER HOBSON.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 28

being seen and not heard, especially when they are using effects not called for in the score.

Renata Tebaldi and her public—which is not quite the same as the Metropolitan Opera's public—renewed acquaintances in a non-subscription performance of "Boheme," with a singularly well-balanced cast that included Richard Tucker, Giorgio Tozzi, Ettorre Bastianini, Clifford Harvuot and Heidi Krall (Musetta). It resembled no little the occasion, under similar auspices last season when Miss Tebaldi came back in "Aida." Her fans are as vociferous as they are numerous, which is to say very much, both ways.

To my ear, Tebaldi really settled down to do the kind of beautiful singing of which she is capable in the third act, with a kind of warm sound and direct dramatic use of it that was lacking in Act I. Doubtless it is a reaction to the enthusiasm bestowed on her that she puts more emphasis on sound than dramatic sense in Act I, and it is, of course, a thoroughly beautiful sound. We look forward to the day when Miss Tebaldi can take show-stopping in stride and fashion a dramatic characterization from first to last. Tucker's Rodolfo lacked nothing of the brilliance suitable to the occasion, and was all fervor throughout. It is something, too, to see a tenor who is, obviously, not the center of an audience's interest behave not merely with dignity, but with a good deal of professional gallantry. The other men, as noted, were all excellent, and Miss Krall's Musetta combines vocal substance (especially useful in the ensembles) with good looks and a dramatic flair that could make her outstanding in this part.

In the circumstances, this was a "Boheme" of much vocal power and occasional dramatic impact, the lacks being related no little to the limited leadership provided by Thomas Schippers. With or without regard to youth, Schippers is the man charged with command of the performance once the curtain goes up—and it is his function to exercise it. Most of the time, on this occasion, he was conducting an accompaniment, no matter how aggressive the gestures. If he is not to forfeit the opportunities earned by his talent, he must learn that to keep a performance moving is more important than pleasing his singers, no matter how celebrated. Slow tempi may be preferable to slower, but not to the right ones.

To judge the possibilities, for the stage, of "The Ballad of Baby Doe," the operatic endeavor of Douglas Moore on a libretto of John La Touche, from its TV showing on "Omnibus" would be manifestly unfair. There is no way of knowing, for example, how much of the score was utilized, where it was abbreviated or truncated. Nor was the exact relationship of the performers to the background ever clearly defined.

The drama of Horace Tabor's adventures in the Colorado mines of the late nineteenth century evoked some pleasantly melodic music from time to time, but not much that was strongly dramatic. It was a considerable accomplishment for "Omnibus" to present a work of this magnitude for a single TV production; but the stage possibilities of "The Ballad of Baby Doe" remain something for a theatrical production to clarify. William Johnston performed well within the script possibilities allotted to Tabor, with Virginia Copeland as Baby Doe and Martha Lipton as Tabor's first wife Augusta. In a purely technical way, the performance suffered from a loose liaison between the singers and the orchestral background.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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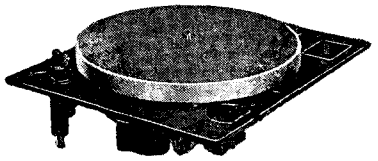

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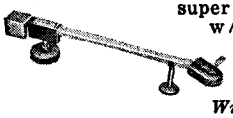

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MONTEVERDI: *"L'Orfeo." Orchestra of the "Sommerliche Musiktage, Hitzacker 1955," Chorus of the Staatliche Hochschule fuer Musik, Hamburg. Conductor: August Wenzinger.* Archive, ARC 3035/36, $11.96.

THE HISTORICAL DIVISION of the Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft has produced a recording of Monteverdi's "L'Orfeo," and they have made an excellent job of it. The balance of archeology and musicality is just right, and many people will now have their first chance at a real hearing of this masterpiece. There have been performances that have given many unintegrated details and none of the essentials of seventeenth-century sounds and textures, and from time to time one of the big virtuoso conductors has served up the foaming billows of Respighi's "interpretazione." If "L'Orfeo" has a reputation of being another baroque bore or if there are people who really believe that it is after all astonishingly like the Easter scene from "Cavalleria Rusticana," it is no wonder, but both public and composer have been ill used. Even for the trained musician, score-reading has not been much of a consolation in music so dramatic and so colorful. The performance recorded here offers redemption from this state to us all.

What a masterpiece "L'Orfeo" is! Monteverdi composed his "musical fable," as he calls it, with a flair and an expertise that become the more astounding when one considers that he was solving problems that were completely new. The pastorals and madrigal-dramas, as well as the first dramatic attempts of the Florentine "Camerata," are left far behind. Both forms contribute to the musical, dramatic, poetic, and intellectual background, but it is the glory of Monteverdi to have been the first composer to fuse all these elements into an artistic unity in which drama and music are perfectly balanced and are each other's necessary complement. The preliminary steps of Vecchi, Peri, and Caccini were necessary and in a sense their works were operas too, but one has to say, perhaps with more truth than accuracy, that opera really began when "L'Orfeo" was performed at the Mantuan court 350 years ago.

Monteverdi uses a rich musical vocabulary. There are orchestral pieces, choruses, arias, ariosos, recitatives, duets, and Monteverdi uses them all with perfect awareness of their operatic value. The recital of Euridice's death is strikingly set against the nymphs' and shepherds' songs and choruses it interrupts: the messenger's reticent narration in turn becomes a foil for the expressive and highly madrigalistic lament of Orpheus. The two contrasting solos form a unit together when heard in the context of the choral music that precedes and follows. The choruses which frame this act are themselves con-

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trasted: the carefree allegretto beginnings against the gravity of the end. But unity and contrast go hand in hand, for the final chorus is derived from the first words sung by the messenger. Thus a whole act is organized with a mastery that is not surpassed by Verdi and Wagner, nor even by Mozart.

Instrumental color is used tellingly, though in ways that were not destined to become part of tradition until centuries later. Monteverdi had an elaborate ensemble at his disposal, including strings, two harpsichords, two organs, harp, lutes, a kind of zither, recorders, trumpets, cornets, and trombones. Thirty years after "L'Orfeo's" Mantuan premiere the world's first public opera house was opened, the Teatro San Cassiano in Venice, and within a few decades opera houses could be counted by the hundreds. As opera ceased to be private court entertainment and became a public spectacle and thus a business, more or less standard traditions evolved and a "normal" opera orchestra began to exist, consisting of a body of strings with some chordal instruments for the continuo, supplemented from time to time with drums and brasses for particularly festive scenes. Thus a few years after "L'Orfeo," no one, including Monteverdi in his later works, had the means to make so elaborate a use of instrumental color—it is also relevant that during this period the scene designer becomes a more important member of the operatic family. On this recording great care has been taken with the instrumentation and Monteverdi's effects are vividly realized: the shepherds have their treble recorders, the messenger her lute and organ, Charon his regal organ with its hurdy-gurdy-like buzz, and the roulades with which Orpheus sings his way into Hades are accompanied by violins, trumpets, and harp. The brass writing for the ceremonial opening toccata is full and brilliant, but the brass interlude that is heard in Hades three times is instead dominated by the "Zinken," which are straight cornets of dark and velvety tone. These Zinken are also very low in pitch (a' 415) and are therefore quite flat—but contrary to what might be inferred from this warning, their contributions (they are heard only on these three occasions) are among the most beautiful and affecting in the opera.

The performance is excellent. The chorus of the Staatliche Hochschule für Musik, Hamburg, is good, and the orchestra of the "Sommerliche Musiktage Hitzacker 1955" makes beguiling and lovely sounds: the brasses are especially good and the gates of hell should have opened before such beautiful harp playing. Helmut Krebs sings Orpheus: a slight regret here, perhaps, that this castrato part is given to a tenor, because there are so many tenor parts already. Krebs, however, is excellent—for him, coloratura is no obstacle course but a means of expression, which is exactly what it is for Monteverdi. Fritz Wunderlich, also a tenor, is left a little shaken by his coloraturas in his brief appearance as Apollo, but in his other roles as a spirit and as the most articulate of the shepherds he displays beautiful voice and style. Jeanne Deroubaix is the messenger and sings very well, and Margot Guilleaume, Proserpina and the Spirit of Music, is best of all. August Wenzinger conducts with impressive results.

The only serious flaw is that almost all the men sing bad Italian. Just a few commit the all-too-familiar sin of turning "quanto" and "questo" into "kvanto" and "kvesto," but all have the percussive and bumpy intonation of their own language, an unlovely thing to hear in Striggio's beautiful and liquid verse. In a work whose rhetoric is so distinctly Italian this is a real loss. —MICHAEL STEINBERG.

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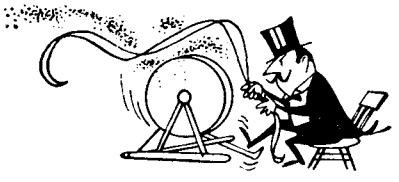

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What a Flame She Had in Her Glance!

By MARIE CHAY

TO MY grandmother, the translators of the text of Italian operas are Americans who have never been out of this country and who learned their Italian by studying a grammar and a dictionary. They have no sense of the language or the people and no feeling whatever for the delicate nuances that only an Italian—preferably a Piedmontese—can have.

She pictures these people as drab, unimaginative little blobs sitting at a desk with the libretto of an Italian opera in front of them, an Italian grammar at their left, and on their right an English-Italian dictionary—"Notice which language is first," she remarks, displeased. "Imagine!" The result is what we hear in the opera houses, over the air, or on records.

Even Milton Cross doesn't please my grandmother with his bits about opera, though she has been told that perhaps he only reads what is put before him and isn't himself the translator of the words.

"Still, he does have a nice accent when he reads the original," my grandfather says to distract her. "He almost sounds like a real Italian."

"A South Italian perhaps," my grandmother retorts, her Mason-Dixon line being just south of the Turin city limits. "Not a Piedmontese. Still," she adds, being unbelievably generous, "he's not bad for an American."

Once, during a broadcast of "I Pagliacci," Mr. Cross, with appropriate fierceness, told us that at one part Nedda would call out "Qual fiamma avea nel guardo!" and his voice shivered as he gave the translation "How fierce he looked and watched me!"

My grandmother gave an angry sigh. "Where I come from," she said, "'Qual fiamma avea nel guardo!' is translated 'What a flame he had in his glance!' That you can see," she said to my grandfather, who hadn't protested at all but was merely listening. "That other—what does it mean? 'How fierce he looked and watched me!'" she mimicked.

My grandmother is no less pleased with those translators who like to add a few words of their own. In the Prologue to "I Pagliacci," Tonio says in Italian, "Si può? Signore! Signori! Scusatemi se solo me presento—Io sono il Prologo." This my grandmother translates as "What now? (or So then?) Ladies! Gentlemen! Pardon me if I present myself alone—I am the Prologue!"

Instead of this careful translation, the English which she hears is "A word—allow me! Sweet ladies and gentlemen, I pray you, hear, why alone I appear, I am the Prologue!"

"'*A word—allow me!*' Where does it say that?" my grandmother demands of my grandfather as if he were the translator and so to blame for all this. "'*Sweet* ladies and gentlemen!' *I* certainly don't see any such word."

"Nor sour either," my grandfather observes in a low tone.

"And *scusatemi,* from what little I know of Italian, of course, is excuse or pardon me," my grandmother goes on.

"At least he got one phrase right," my grandfather answers. "'I am the Prologue'."

"Translate what is there," is my grandmother's advice to this unknown tamperer of operas, "and let those who know how do the creating."

The translation of "Rigoletto" my grandmother feels to be almost the worst of all and offends her the most. When Gilda says to Rigoletto,

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Patria, parenti, amici
Voi dunque non avete?

my grandmother takes it to be

Fatherland, relatives, friends,
You, then, don't have any?

Instead over a radio once came

Country, family, friends,
Possess you none of them?

"It sounds like a political speech somewhere in America," she muttered.

Rigoletto's answer in English was even more unsatisfactory to my grandmother. Out of

Patria! parenti! dici?
Culto, famiglia, patria,
Il mio universo è in te!

the translator made

Country, family, friends say'st thou?
Thou art my country, family, and friends!
The whole universe thou art to me!

As any true Italian knows, the answer should have been

Fatherland, relatives you say?
Culture, family, fatherland
My universe is in you.

"They're taking entirely too much in their hands, whoever translated that, and they're not saying what the composer meant," my grandmother grumbles.

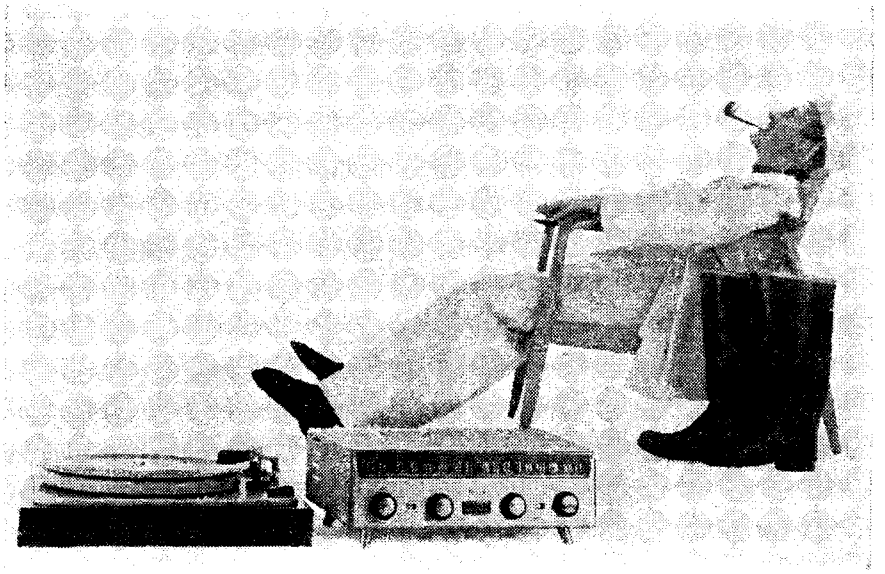
"But look how they've used the *thou* form," my grandfather points out, for one of my grandmother's complaints about "American" is that there is *no thou form.* ("It's all *you, you, you,* which is too abrupt and doesn't show proper respect.") "Say'st thou—thou art my country—thou art to me. Just look!"

"I'm talking about the translation," my grandmother says to him, dismissing the other and refusing to be distracted.

When translators get high-handed with famous arias, my grandmother has had more than enough. One of her favorite arias (as far as music goes, because she thinks the thoughts expressed in it are certainly not true and merely the prejudiced opinion of men in general) is "La donna è mobile," which, to begin with, to her, should be translated "The woman is inconstant," and not "How fickle women are."

Then to go on and speak of an inconstant woman as "fleeting as a falling star" is too much for my grandmother when the Italian is "Qual piuma al vento."

"Is or isn't that translated as 'as



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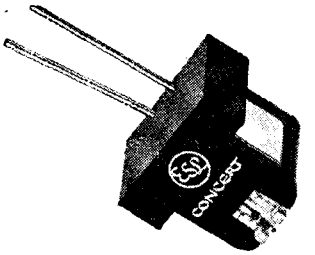

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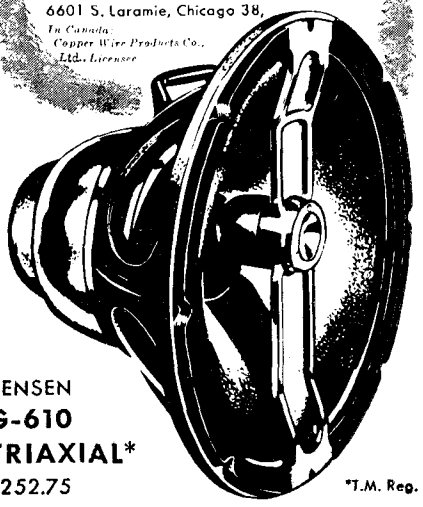

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a feather in the wind'?" she asks my grandfather who nods and says, as though intoning, "It is, it is."

The worst of all is that in the second part, which in Italian repeats the first line—"La donna è mobile, qual piuma al vento"—the translation is now "Yet there's no feeling, love's pleasure stealing."

"They must have jumped to some other aria," my grandmother says, holding on to her temper. "Perhaps by some *Tedeschi.*"

The translation that my grandmother hears of "Il Trovatore" is, according to her, "another opera entirely." In a conversation between Leonora and Manrico, my grandmother knows the original to be

Leonora: "Ho la morte in seno."
Manrico: "La morte! ——"
Leonora: "Ah, fu più rapida
La forza del veleno
Ch'io non pensava!"

In English—"a heartless language" —my grandmother sees it as

"I have death in my bosom."
"Death!"
"Ah, the power of the poison was far stronger than I ever thought!"

Instead, blaring out at her, comes

"Death's cold hand is on me!"
"What, dying?"
"Ah! Far more rapidly
the poison sped its mission
than I intended!"

"I suppose that's an improvement on mine?" my grandmother says to my grandfather, but even he has to admit that it isn't as good.

For sheer out-and-out tampering, though, my grandmother thinks whoever had charge of one of the translations of "La Traviata" did about the most unforgivable sins. In the scene with the gypsies, Flora and the Marquis, the conversation is:

First Gypsy: "Vediamo?—Voi, signora, Rivali alquante avete."
(Let's see now. You, fair lady, have rivals gay and sprightly.)

As usual my grandmother objects to all the adjectives put there by the meddling translator. "All it says is how many rivals she has—a few—not the kind," my grandmother insists. "And a signora is just *madam*, whether she's blonde or a redhead. Just because they're gypsies talking, they make them say *fair* lady."

The second gypsy takes his chances by saying "Marchese, voi non siete model di fedeltà."

Anyone, even if he doesn't know much Italian, can see that this is "Marquis, you are not a model of fidelity." Instead, with useless elaboration and without even addressing him by name, out comes, "And you, if we read rightly, are not the type of truth."

"*You* certainly *aren't* the type of truth!" my grandmother says heartily to an absent translator.

"What? You're agreeing with them?" my grandfather asks, pretending surprise.

"Listen, listen!" my grandmother admonishes him.

Flora now takes over with

Fate il galante ancora?
Ben vo' me la paghiate.

This should be, naturally,

Are you playing the gallant again?
You'll pay me well for it.

The translator disagreed. "You play me false already?" is his version. "I'll take good care to pay you."

My grandmother, by now, is getting more and more disgusted. "What I'd like to know," she says, conscious of being sarcastic, "is who is doing the paying, Flora or the Marquis?"

The Marquis says there's nothing to this charge (my grandmother isn't sure whether it's that he's to pay Flora or she him), but Flora, who apparently is more clear on this than my grandmother is, replies,

La volpe lascia il pelo, non abbandona il vizio—
Marchese mio, giudizio, o vi faro pentir.

"The fox leaves his skin but does not abandon his vice," my grandmother says, enjoying each word and being very dramatic. "My Marquis, discretion or I'll make you repent."

My grandmother gives my grandfather a sharp little nod and says, remembering her grandchildren's talk, "She let him have it."

Instead of this no-nonsense warning comes this pallid mouthing,

The fox, howe'er disguising, will yet be low and vicious;
Gay Marquis, be judicious, or else you may repent.

When my grandmother hears this part, she usually just snaps the radio off without even commenting on so obviously a fraudulent translation.

"Better a black disc," she says as she puts on a record of the opera in Italian. "At least I can hear it as it should be sung."

"By those of ours?" my grandfather inquires, because my grandmother's great regret is that so few Piedmontese are opera singers.

"By Italians and in Italian as it should be," my grandmother says grandly and sits down to listen in peace.

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LETTERS TO THE
RECORDINGS EDITOR

MORE JAZZ STUDIES

LIKE THE MEHEGAN article on jazz some weeks back, the article "The Future of Form in Jazz" is a contribution to the field of jazz studies. Since the jazz magazines are even yet opposed to scholarly articles on the subject of jazz, I hope you will continue to present such articles.

WILLIAM TALMADGE,
State University of New York.
Buffalo, N. Y.

MILANOV IN VIEW

IN ANSWER TO Mr. George S. Weaver, we do have plans for operatic recordings with Zinka Milanov which I am sure would please Mr. Weaver. I cannot be specific at this point other than to say that the repertoire suggestions of Mr. Weaver are very much along the lines of our own thinking.

ALAN KAYES,
Manager,
Red Seal Artists and Repertoire,
Radio Corporation of America.
New York, N. Y.

THE RIGHT "SYLPHIDE"

IN MY ARTICLE "The New Britten-Cranko Ballet" (*SR* Jan. 26), a regrettable slip caused me to appear to regard the Fokine ballet "Les Sylphides" as dating from the romantic period just over a century ago. I was in fact referring to the ballet "La Sylphide," of which the version produced by Bournonville in 1836 still survives in the repertoire of the Royal Danish Ballet.

FERNAU HALL.
London, England.

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I HEARD THROUGH a friend the other day that there is a recording of the recent Broadway revue, "Cranks," but that it is not popularly available in this country. Is this true? If so, how does one go about importing the record?

NORMAN L. HARTWEG.
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It may be forthcoming from an HMV affiliate soon.*

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REGARDING THE QUERY about the book "The Hoffnung Symphony Orchestra" (*SR* Jan. 26), I was able to purchase this book for the Buhler High School Music Department last fall (1956) from Morse M. Preeman, Inc., 737 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 14, California.

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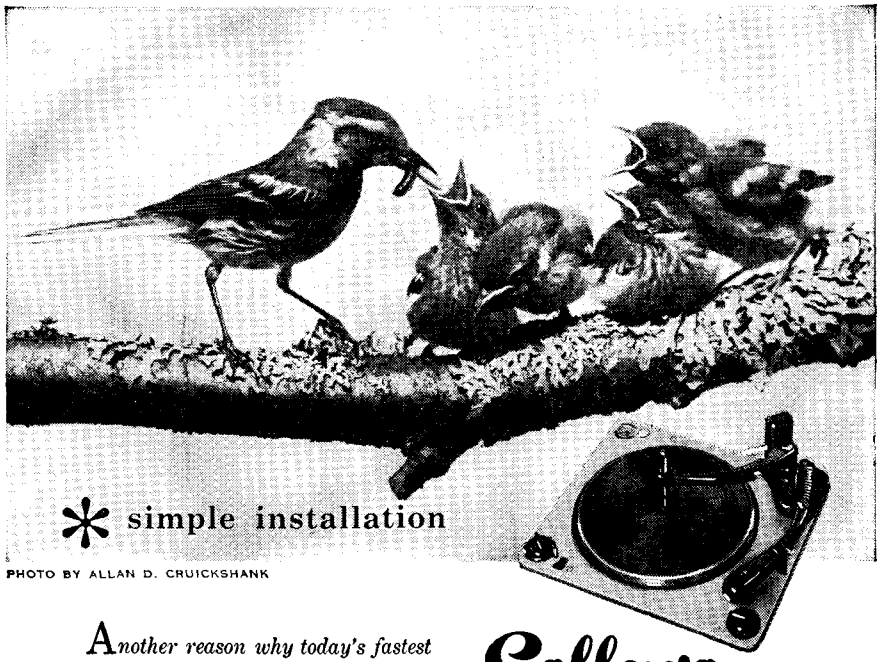

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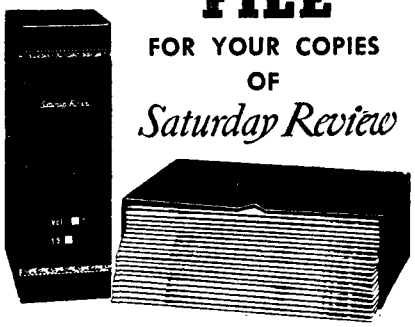

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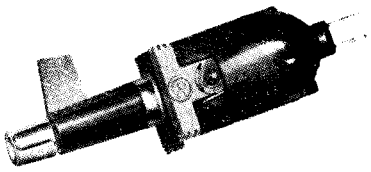

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A SALUTE FOR SCHULLER

I HEARTILY APPRECIATE the technical approach and the keen penetrating analysis by the author, Gunther Schuller, in his excellent article "The Future of Form in Jazz (*SR* Jan. 12). He has presented the best method of criticizing jazz and the best method of presenting critiques on jazz.

Of course, the very name of George Russell commands undivided attention; his brilliance in the field in unique. I would like to see a full article about Mr. Russell in a subsequent issue. Such a remarkably gifted man!

D. N. GODSEL.
New York, N. Y.

TENSE AND TENSION

THANKS FOR WILDER HOBSON'S "The Amen Corner" (*SR* Jan. 26). Hobson always manages to relate his reviews to a general theme that never fails to interest, stimulate, and improve one's appreciation of jazz. That he does this consistently is truly unusual, considering the limitations of his space. I'd like, though, to tense his tenses on tension.

When he replays the older jazz he says he is surprised to find little or no tension. This surprises me, for I thought that the simultaneous presence of both relaxation and tension was the miraculous essence of jazz, miraculous because combining two such opposed entities. "When we first heard it," he says, "a great deal of jazz seemed nervous and hectic." Now early jazz was never hectic or nervous, and perhaps Hobson's inability to find the tension comes from his not knowing what to look for.

The real difference between old and early jazz, which has nothing to do with tension, lies primarily in the tempo, the earlier being generally much slower. Modern jazz is faster because fewer blues are played and because the new men are technically superior to the older players. Most jazzmen today have had years of intense study; consequently they can play more notes faster than the "Greats" could.

ROD GRUVER.
Chicago, Ill.

"CARMEN" WANTED

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM has recorded two excellent "Carmen" Suites, particularly the Columbia 78s with the London Philharmonic. Is there any chance of Angel or somebody releasing a full-length Beecham "Carmen" on LP?

GERALD N. WINN.
Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It is a project to which he is giving thought.*

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1196

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Naiad, Nereid, or Oceanid (2 wds.).	81 35 116 23 16 94 137 7 66 5
B. Shakespeare's word for procrastination (not in Webster).	50 79 25 153 177 60 12 186 93
C. Odious.	71 17 40 107 150 52 63 75 170
D. Book Bob Cratchit worked over.	136 65 102 120 176 47
E. Northern country whose native name is, in English, its physical description.	100 138 148 36 43 174 122
F. Indicate by vague or partial disclosure.	37 80 2 57 70 103 133 155 31
G. Shakespeare's word for a gap in a hedge (not in Webster in this meaning).	18 130 149 183 28
H. Lofty p'ateau, partly desert, in southern Africa (Dr. Livingstone, 1849).	111 51 68 139 99 26 127 189
I. International armament's man of mystery (1850-1936).	33 67 158 48 141 91 146 151
J. Put in prison (the rather bookish term).	8 180 131 161 117 98 34 64 19 191 159
K. Belonging to neither of two opposing classes.	41 175 109 13 114 140
L. Sports broadcaster's humorous name for the penalty box in ice hockey (2 wds.).	110 187 30 123 172 105
M. Possessed of native cleverness, sharp wit and judgment, etc.	95 182 162 55 86 119

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Shield on which armorial bearings are displayed.	84 21 125 44 3 190 113 76 192 134
O. Gnawing.	24 96 90 6 38 53
P. One of those who held a famous ball, in American folksong.	45 181 152 118 88 164 128 10
Q. Approach to a mine.	166 74 108 154 167
R. To connect with as suitable, fitting, or relevant.	78 171 184 49 160
S. Point of an orbit at which the planet is in conjunction, or opposition.	178 115 92 142 9 195
T. Bring in a plane by radioed instructions to the pilot (not in Webster in this meaning); overbear somebody by conversation (3 wds.).	135 106 101 126 165 87 20 42 82 32 73
U. Most peculiar.	72 1 59 121 156 157
V. Tranquilizing.	147 163 14 22 97 169 129
W. A woman beloved.	143 77 194 83 173 168 185 132 56
X. What is marked by "a tombstone white" for the "Fool who tried to hustle the East" (Kipling: "The Naulahka"; 4 wds.).	104 85 39 29 188 112 89 58 15 179 145 62 46
Y. Ancient Troy's river.	61 4 11 27 124 144 193 69 54

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	■	1 U	2 F	3 N	4 Y	5 A	■	6 O	7 A	8 J	9 S	10 P	11 Y	12 B	13 K
14 V	■	15 X	16 A	17 C	18 G	■	19 J	20 T	21 N	22 V	23 A	24 O	25 B	26 H	27 Y	■
28 G	29 X	■	30 L	31 F	32 T	■	33 I	34 J	35 A	36 E	37 F	38 O	39 X	■	40 C	41 K
42 T	■	43 E	44 N	45 P	46 X	47 D	48 I	49 R	50 B	51 H	■	52 C	53 O	54 Y	55 M	56 W
57 F	58 X	59 U	■	60 B	61 Y	62 X	63 C	64 J	65 D	■	66 A	67 I	68 H	69 Y	■	70 F
71 C	72 U	73 T	74 Q	■	75 C	76 N	77 W	■	78 R	79 B	80 F	■	81 A	82 T	83 W	84 N
85 X	■	86 M	87 T	88 P	89 X	■	90 O	91 I	92 S	93 B	94 A	95 M	■	96 O	97 V	■
98 J	99 H	100 E	101 T	102 D	103 F	104 X	105 L	■	106 T	107 C	■	108 Q	109 K	110 L	111 H	■
112 X	113 N	114 K	115 S	■	116 A	117 J	118 P	119 M	120 O	121 U	122 E	■	123 L	124 Y	125 N	126 T
■	127 H	128 P	129 V	130 G	131 J	132 W	133 F	134 N	135 T	136 D	137 A	■	138 E	139 H	140 K	141 I
142 S	143 W	144 Y	145 X	■	146 I	147 V	148 E	149 G	150 C	■	151 I	152 P	153 B	154 Q	155 F	156 U
■	157 U	158 I	159 J	160 R	■	161 J	162 M	163 V	■	164 P	165 T	166 Q	■	167 Q	168 W	169 V
170 C	■	171 R	172 L	173 W	174 E	175 K	176 D	177 B	178 S	■	179 X	180 J	■	181 P	182 M	183 G
■	184 R	185 W	186 B	187 L	188 X	189 H	190 N	■	191 J	192 N	193 Y	194 W	195 S	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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